

ORAIN

LE

Iain Lom Mac-Dhomhnaill.

POEMS

BY

JOHN LOM MACDONALD.

Edited by

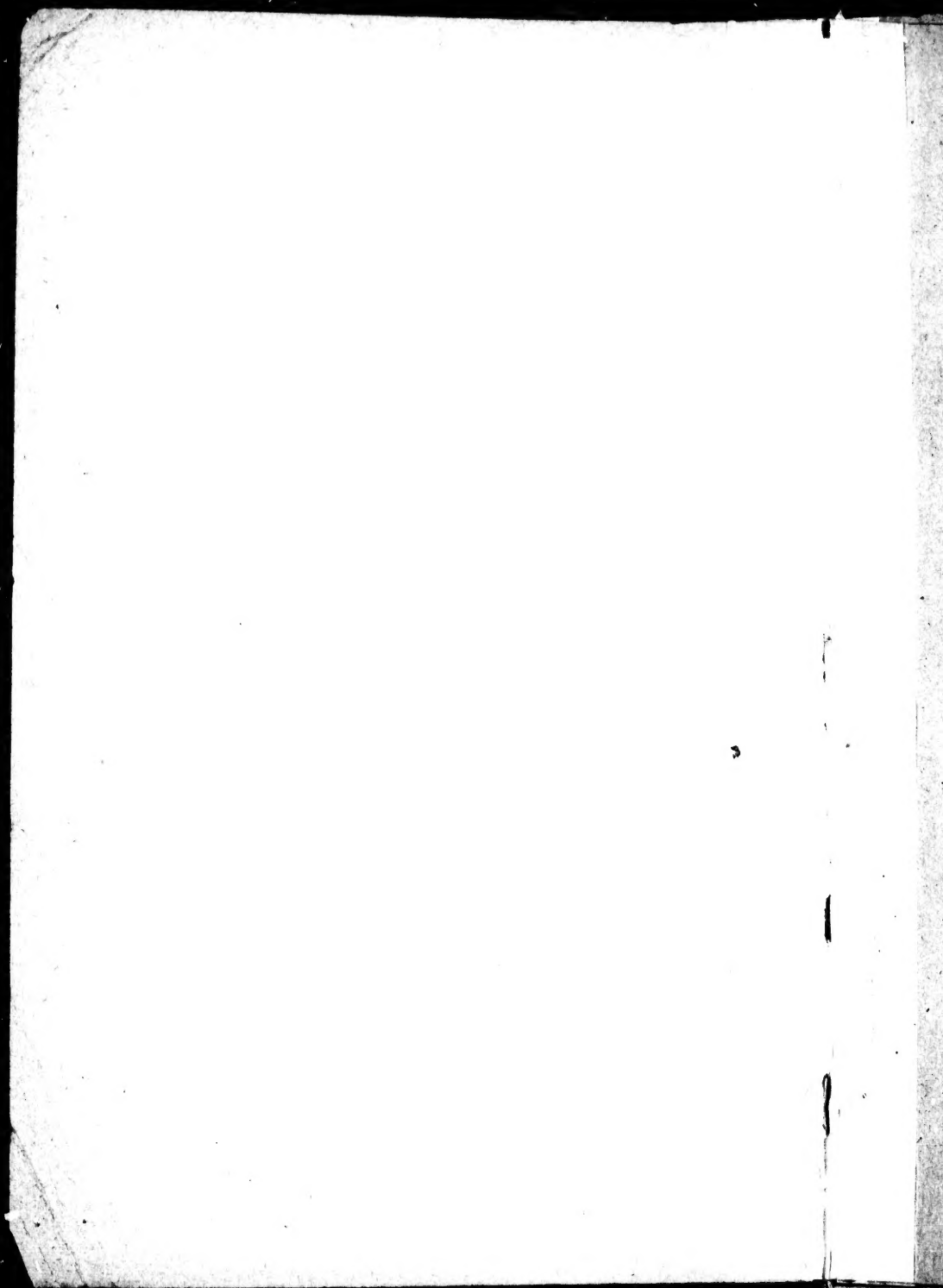
The Rev. A. Maclean Sinclair.

ANTIGONISH:

THE CASKET OFFICE.

HENRY WHYTE, 4 BRIDGE STREET, GLASGOW.

1895. -107



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Macdonald, John

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Preface.

The poems in this work have, with only a few exceptions, been taken from Dr. Maclean's MS., R. Macdonald's collection, Gillies's collection, A. and D. Stewart's collection, Turner's collection, John Maclean's MS., and D. C. Macpherson's Duanaire. Dr. Maclean's MS. was written about the year 1770, and John Maclean's about the year 1815. R. Macdonald's collection was published in 1776, Gillies's collection in 1786, A. and D. Stewart's collection in 1804, Turner's collection in 1813, and D.C. Macpherson's Duanaire in 1868.

We are in possession of John Lom's poems not as they were made, but as they were taken down from oral recitation long after the death of their author. Owing to this fact some of them are full of glaring mistakes and others extremely imperfect in versification, whilst a few of them are either mere fragments or an incongruous mixture of two or three different poems. As a general rule the oldest written or printed form of a poem

is the most correct. This is unquestionably true of John Lom's poems. Whilst we should feel thankful to Turner for his collection, it must be admitted that his versions of old poems are frequently extremely inaccurate.

I have made several changes in some of the poems in this work. My aim in making these changes was to remove obscurities, to correct inaccuracies in historic matters, and to bring lines to be of the proper length. That these changes are improvements, I do not pretend to say. Such of them as are of any real importance are pointed out in the notes.

The poems that appear in this work were published in *THE CASKET*, Antigonish, and struck off from the type of that newspaper in book form. As the proofs could not be sent me I had no opportunity of correcting misprints or making alterations.

I have to thank the Rev. Alexander Macdonald, D.D., of St. Francis Xavier's College, Antigonish, for the interest taken by him in this work. Were it not for his kindness in getting it published in *THE CASKET* it would, in all probability, never appear.

I sincerely trust that some one who is

better acquainted with the history of the Highland Clans in the days of John Lom than I am, and who may have access to manuscripts that I have never seen, will favor those who take an interest in the poems of the famous Keppoch bard with a better edition of them than I have been able to give.

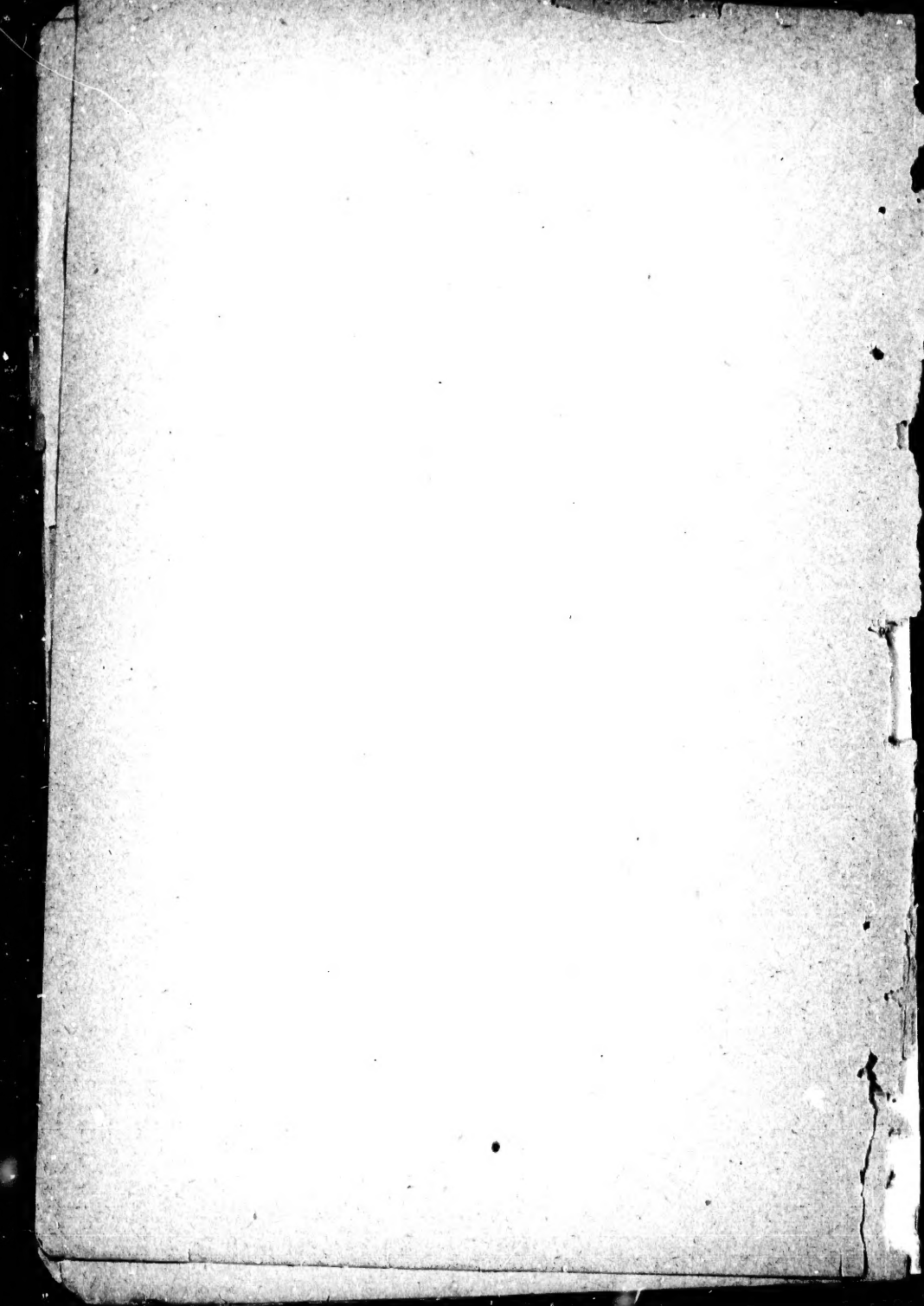
A. MACLEAN SINCLAIR.

Belfast, P. E. Island, Oct., 1, 1895.

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John Lom Macdonald.

John Macdonald, one of the most celebrated of the Gaelic bards, was born in the Braes of Lochaber. He was a great-great-grandson of John Alann, fourth Macdonald of Keppoch. He was known as Iain Lom, and also as Iain Manntach. He had a large amount of general information, and was intimately acquainted with all the political plans and movements of his day. He belonged to the Roman Catholic Church. He was an ardent Jacobite, and an active and influential member of his party. He was a man of superior talents, intense earnestness and unflinching determination. He spoke and acted according to his convictions. He was thus respected and feared by those who knew him. He was a faithful friend, but a bitter enemy. He possessed poetic gifts of a high order, and composed a large number of valuable songs and elegies. His powers of invective were extraordinary. He was a very old man at the time of his death. He was buried at Dun-Aingeal. Some of his admirers erected a handsome mon-

ument over his grave a few years ago.
In reading his poems we must remember
that he lived in rough times.

CUMHA AONGHUIS MHIC-RAONNILL OIG.

'Rìgh, gur mor mo chuid mulaid,
Ged is fheudar dhomh 'fhulang,
Ge b'e 'dh'ei-deadh ri m' ulreasbhidh 'alreamh

Bho na chall mi na gadhair,
Is an t-eug gan sior thaghall,
'S beag mo thoirt gar an taghall mi 'm Braighe.

Is eun bochd mi gun daoine,
Air mo lot air gach taobh dhlom;
Is tric rosad an aoig air mo chairdean-

Gur mi 'n gladh air a spionadh,
Gun iteach, gun linnich,
'S mi mar Oisain fo bhiun an taigh Phadrig.

Gur mi 'chraobh air a rusgadh,
Gun chnothan, gun ubhlan,
S' an snothach 's an rusg air a fagall.

Rualg sin ceann Loch-a-Tatha,
'S i 'chuir mis' ann am ghailbheach;
Dh' fhag mi Aonghas na laighe 'san araich.

Mun do dhirich sibh 'm bruthach
'S ann 'nur deidh a bha 'n ulaidh;
Bha sar ghiomanach gunn' air dhroch caradh,

Ged a dh'fhag mi ann m' athair,
Chan ann air tha mi 'labhairt,
Ach mu'n lot 'rinn an claidheabh mu t' air-
nean-s'.

Gur h-e dhruidh air mo leacainn
'M buille mor a bha 'd leth-taobh,
'S tu 'nad laigh' an taigh beag Choire-Char-
maig.

B'i mo ghradh do ghnúis aobhach
 'Dheanadh dath le t' fhull chraobhich,
 'S nach róbh seachnach air aodann do namhaid.

Gadhar, a hound, a lurcher. Rosad, misfortune, mischief. Linnich, layer, lining. Gaibheach, a person in want. Leacainn, the side of the head.

Angus Macdonald, of Keppoch, Aonghus Mac Raonuill Oig, and John Lom's father, Domhnall Mac Iain mhic Dhomhnuill mhic Iain Alainn, were killed at the fight of Strona-chlachain, near Loch Lay, in 1640.

Oran Do Dhomhnall Gorm Og.

A Dhomhnall nan dun,
 'Mhic Ghilleasbuig nan tur,
 Chaidh t'èineach's do chlu thar chach.

Tha seirc ann ad ghruaidh;—
 Caol mhala gun ghruaim,
 Beul meachair bho 'n suairce gradh.

Bidh sud ort a triall,
 Claidheabh sgaiteach gorm slar;
 Air t' ullinn bidh sgiath, gun sgath.

'S a ghrabhaill mhath ur
 Air a taghadh o'n bhuth;
 B' i do roghainn an tus a bhlair.

A churaidh gun ghiamh,
 'N trath ghabhadh tu flamh,
 'S e 'thogadh tu sgian mar arm.

'N trath chargadh tu 'n t-suil
 Ri d' ghunna nach diu't,
 Gum bitheadh ann sugradh searbh.

'S an laimh bu mhor luths
 Bhiodh bogh' an t-sar chull,
 Caoin, fallain de 'n fhiuran dearg.

Bhiodh it an eoin leith
 Air a sparradh le ceir
 Ris an t-saighid chaoll, reidh gu teann.

Nuair bhiodh taifeid nan dual
 Air a tarruinn gu d' chluais
 'S mairg neach air am buailteadh meall.

Cha bu ghaiseadh 'bu mhlann
 Le cinn ghlasa nan sgiath
 Air an leacainn mu 'n iath do chrann.

Clann-Domhnuill nach c'ion
 Mu 'n or is mu 'n ni,
 Sud a bhuid beann a's rìghaill geard.

Bho Theamhair gu I,
 'S gus a chananaich shìos,
 Bhiodh luc' d-ealaidh nan crìoch 'nur dall,

Thig luingeas le gaoith
 Gu baile nan laoch,
 Ged bhitheadh na caolltean garbh.

Gu talla nam pìos
 'S am farumach fion,
 Far am falaisehear mìle crann.

Bho imeachd do 'n Fheinn,
 'S cinn-fheadhna sibh fein
 Air fìneachan treun gu dearbh.

Iarl Anntuim nan sluagh
 'S Clann-Ghilleain nam buadh,
 Bhiodh sud leat is Ruari garbh.

Mac-Mhic-Ailain nan ceud,
 'S Mac-Mhic-Alasdair fheil,
 Is Mac-Fhlionghain gu treun nan ceann.

Creach ga strolceadh,
 Feachd na torachd,
 'S ìr fo leon nan arm.

Long ga seoladh,
Crith air sgodalbh
Stiur-bheirt sheolt, theann.

Beucaich mara
'Leum ri darach.
Sugh 'ga sgaradh thall.

Cha bu nasag
Ri sruth trath i,
'S muir 'na gair fo 'ceann.

Cruit is clarsach
'S mnai uchd allluidh
'N tur nan tailleasg gearr.

Foirm nam pioban,
'S oragain liobhte,
'S cuirn 'gan lionadh ard.

Ceir 'na drallsein
Ri fad oidhche,
'G eisdeachd strì nam bard.

Rualg air dhisnean,
Foirm air thithibh,
'S ora sìos mar gheall.

Aig ogh' Iarl Ile,
Is Chinntire,
Reis is Innse-Gall.

Eineach, liberality, renown. Brigadh, stabbing, thrusting. Drallsein, a sparkling light. Nasag, an empty shell. Teamhair, Tara in Ireland.

Donald Macdonald, sixth of Sleat, Domhnall mac Dhomhnaill Ghuirm, married Mary, daughter of Hector Mor Maclean, of Duart, by whom he had three children—Donald, Archibald, and Alexander. He died in 1585. Donald, sev-

enth of Sleat, Domhnall Gorm Mor died without issue in 1616. Archibald married Margaret, daughter of Angus Macdonald, of Isla, by whom he had Donald. Donald, Domhnall Gorm Og, succeeded his uncle in Sleat. He was created a baronet in 1625. He died in 1643.

Blar Inbhir-Lochidh.

LUIÑNEAG.

Hì rim ho ro, ho ro leatha,
 Hì rim ho ro, ho ro leatha,
 Hì rim ho ro, ho ro leatha,
 Chaidh an latha le clann-Domhnuill.

'N cuala sibh an t-ionndadh duinnell
 'Thug an camp' a Cille-Chuimein?
 'S fad' a chaidh ainm air bhur n-urras;
 Thug sibh as bhur naimhdean tomain.

Dh' aithnich mi bhur surd air tapadh
 A dìreadh am mach glun Chull-Eachidh
 'S ged tha mo dhuthich 'na lasair,
 'S eirig air a chuis mar thachair.

Ged a bhiodh oighreachd a Bhraighe
 Gu ceann sheachd bliadhna mar tha i,
 Gun chur' gun chliathadh, gun aiteach,
 'S math an riadh 'sa bheil sinn paighte.

Dh'irich mi moch maduinn cheorich
 Gu braigh' caisteal Inbhir-Lochidh;
 Chunnic mi 'n t-arm a dol an ordagh,
 'S bha buaidh a bhlair le Clann-Domhnaill.

Alasdair nan geur-lann sgaiteach,
Thoisich thu 'n de ri cur as daibh;
Chuir thu ratreut seach an caisteal,
Agus surd gle mhath ga leantail.

Alasdair nan geur-lann guineach
Nam blodh agad t' armuinn uile,
B' f heudar do na dh' fhalbh diu fuireach,
S ratreut air prabar an duilleg.

Alasdair mhic Cholla ghasda
Lamh dheas a sgoltadh nan caisteal;
Chuir thu'n ruaig air Gallaibh glasa
'S ma dh' ol iad cal chuir thu asd' e.

Thug sibh toiteal teth mu Lochidh
A toirt bhuillean mu na sronaibh;
Bu lionmhor claidheabh clais-ghorm comh-
nard
Gam bualadh an lamhan Chlann-Domhnaill.

Dh 'innsinn sgeul eile le firinn
Cho math 's a ni cleireach a sgrìobhadh;—
Chaidh na laoi-h ud gus an dìchioll,
'S chuir iad maoin air luchd an mì-ruin.

Is mairg a dhuisgeadh bhur n-anlochd
'N am rusgadh nan greidlein tana;
Bha ingnean nan Duibhneach ri talamh
An deidh an luighean a ghearradh.

'N la a shaoil iad a dhol leotha
Bha na laoi-ch gan ruith air reothadh;
S iomad slaodanach mor odhar
'Bh' air aodan Achadh-an-tochair.

'S iomad fearaid' agus plor-bhuic
Agus cuilbheir, caol, direach,
'Bha 'n Inbhir-Lochidh 'na shìneadh,
'S bha luaidh nam ban a Cinntire ann.

'S iomad corp nochdte gun aodach
'Bha 'call fal' air lotalbh caola,
Eadar 'n t-ait 'an d' rinn iad maomadh
Is ceann Leitir Blar-a-Chaorinn.

'S iomad spog ur air dhroch shailleadh
Thall 's a bhos mu Thom na h-Aire,
An deidh an reubadh le claidheabh
Neul mhairbh air an suil 's iad gun anam.

Chuala sibh mu'n Ghoirtein odhar,
Tha e 'm bliadhn' aginn 'na thodhar,
Gun inneir chaorach no ghobhar
Ach full nan Duibhneach air reothadh,

Sgrìos orm ma's truagh leam bhur gairich,
No anshocair bhur cuid phaisdean;
Donnalich bhan Errazhaidheal
'Caoidh nam fear a dh' f'han san araich.

Air do laimhsa Thighearna Labhair,
Ge mor do bhosd as do chlaidheabh,
'S iomad fear mor 'chinneadh t' athar
'Bha 'n Inbhir-Lochidh 'na lalghe.

'S iomad fear cleoc' agus bioraid,
Cho math 's a bha beo dhe d' chinneadh,
Nach dug a bhotuinnean tioram,
Bha' foghlum snamh' air bun Nibheis.

Iain Mhuideartich nan seol soilleir,
A sheoladh an cuan ri la doilleir,
Ort cha d' f'huaradh bristeadh coinnimh;
'S ait leam Barra-Breac fo d' chomrich.

Thug thu gu d' dhubblan a leigeadh
Air Calmbalich chlar nam beul sligheach;
Gaor is eanchainn 'dol 'nan stigeal,
Slachdrich lann 's an ceann 'gam bristeadh.

Urras, boldness. Greidleann or greadlann, a sword. Tugh, a joint; luighean, joints. Todhar, a field manured by having cattle on it. Comaraich or comraich, protection, favor. Beul sligheach, a wry mouth like that of a shell.

Montrose entered Argyle on the 13th of December, 1644. He sent his followers in various directions, plundering and

laying waste the lands of the Campbells. He collected them together on the 29th of January, 1645, and began marching towards Inverness. When he was at Cille-Chuimein, or Fort Augustus, a messenger came to him in great haste with the information that the Marquis of Argyll had entered Lochaber with an army of 3000 men, that he was burning and laying waste the country, and that his head-quarters were at Inverlochy. It is to Argyll's depredations that the line, "Ged tha mo dhuthich 'n a lasair" refers. Montrose marched back with all possible speed to attack Argyll. He arrived in Glen-Nevis on the evening of February 1st. The battle of Inverlochy began shortly after sunrise on Sunday, February 2nd, 1645. Argyll's army was made up of his own followers and 1,000 Lowlanders. It was commanded by Sir Donald Campbell of Auchinbreck, a very brave man. Argyll prudently withdrew from the scene of action the night before the battle. Montrose's army consisted of the Irishmen who had come over to Scotland with Alasdair mac Cholla, the Macdonalds, the Stewarts and Robertsons of Athole, the Farquharsons, Camerons, and others. Montrose won a

complete victory. He lost only eight men, Lord Ogilvie, Captain Brain and six privates. Argyll lost fourteen barons of his own clan and 1,500 common soldiers. Among the prisoners taken was Sir Donald Campbell of Barbreck, a greedy and cruel man, who had succeeded in making himself proprietor of Ardnamurchan. John Lom viewed the battle from an elevated spot that overlooked the castle of Inverlochy, which was occupied by fifty of Argyll's musketeers. The battle was begun by George Stewart, son of the laird of Urrard in Athole. He was known as Deorsa Mac Alasdair.

La Allt-Eirinn.

Gu ma slan 's gu ma h-eibhinn:
Do an Alasdair euchdach,
'Choisinn cliu an Allt-Eirinn a mhor-shluaigh.

Leis na saighdearan laghach,
An am falbh air and rathad,
Le 'm bu mhiann a bhi gabhall a chronain.

Cha bu phrabaire tlath thu
'Dhol an caigneachadh chladhean,
Nuair a bha thu 'sa gharadh le d' chomhlain.

Bha luchd chlogad is phicean,
A cur ort mar an di-chioll,
Gas an d' fhuair thu rilibh o Montrosa,

'S lomadh oganach sull-ghorm
'Bh' aig a gheat mu 'n robh 'n diubhall,
Fo'throm l'ot nan 'arm rùisghe gun chomhradh.

Agus lasgaire foinnidh,
Thaist an aobhar do l'olune,
Bha nan sìneadh m'ù phollachan mona.

Chuir sibh Hurry 's a dhaoine
Air an rùalg a bha daor dhalbh,
Nuair a bhruchd sibh maraon do na chomhall,

Cha robh domhach no geinneach,
'Bha o dhuthaich Mhic-Coinnich,
Nach do dh'fhag an 'airm-thein' air a mholn-
tich.

Cha robh Tomi no Siml,
Ann am fearann Mhic-Shiml,
Nach do thar anns gach ionad 'am f'rogalbh.

Prabaire, a worthless fellow. Calgneachadh,
coupling, bringing two things together as two
swords. Maraon, together, as one. Domhach,
a savage. Geinneach, a short stout man.

The battle of Auldearn was fought May
9th, 1645. General Hurry had 3,500 foot
and 400 horse. Montrose had 1,500 foot
and 250 horse. Alexander Macdonald,
who had 400 men under him, left a strong
position behind a garden wall to attack
his foes. He was compelled to retreat,
and was in great danger when going back
through the garden gate. The Macken-
zies and Frazers fought under Hurry.
Among the slain was Sir Mungo Camp-
bell, of Lawess, tighearna Labhair.

Iorram.

DO MHAC-GILLEAIN HUBHAIRT.

Cuid de dh-aobhar mo ghearain,
 'N tì tha 'n lalmh anns a Charralg
 Gus an trialladh luchd-eslain o'n fheill.

B' e sin grìlanan nan Gaidheal
 Agus uaislean fìr Alba,—
 Mac-Gilleain nan arm gasd, ' cruaidh, geur.

Ann an toiseach do ranntachd
 Thig Mac-Leoid o Chaol-Acuinn
 Is slòl Thormald 's neo-sgathach 'nan gleus.

Gun dìg slòlachadh Uislain
 Bho Dhun-Sgathich ann-sluil sin,
 Dha 'm b' 'n t-iubnar ga rusgadh rì feum.

Thig Clann-Domhnaill Ghlinn-Garadh
 Agus uaislean Loch-airceig,
 Dha 'm b' nuthidhean fada, caol, reidh;

Air am biodh na clinn ghlassa,
 'N deidh an eagadh gu dreachmhor,
 'Dhol an creubhaig le tartar nam meur.

Gum b' spallpeadh air pìoban
 Is sluagh rì falcheachd gu lìonmhor;—
 Luchd nam breacan a 's rìomhaiche ceum.

'S lìonmhor clogad ann 's luireach,
 'S sglath chearr air lalmh diunlaich,
 Is sar ghunna nach diultadh rì feum.

Gum b' 'm feachd so 'dol thairis
 Gu duthaich Mhic-Cailain,
 'S gum b' smudan is deannal 'nan deidh.

'S lìonmhor cleasiche 's clarsair
 'Triall gu cathair nan Gaidheal,
 Bhon 's ceann-uidhe dhaibh Aros nan ceud.

Gum bi 'n t-sreath so 'dol seachad
 Air na graineagan glasa;
 Fleadh an fhìon' a's or-lalste na deldh.

Bidh luchd-glodall a falbh bhualinn,
 Bho nach cuibhe leinn ann iad;
 'S gum bi na blodagan dearga nan cre;

A bioradh slòchd Dhlarmaid,
 Pràgan salach an lasgach;
 Bho nach bi sinn am bliadhna da 'n reir.

Grianan, a sunny spot, a place to gather to.
 Luchd-ealain or luchd-ealaidh, persons of skill,
 poets, musicians. Ranntachd, connections by
 blood, marriage, or some other tie, supporters.
 Luchd-glodall, flatterers. Or-lalste or or-lasta,
 shining like gold.

Sir Lachlan Maclean of Duart was
 seized at Inverary by the Marquis of Ar-
 gyll, in 1647, and imprisoned in the
 Castle of Carrick. He was kept in
 prison about a year. He died shortly
 after being set at liberty.

Cumha Alasdair Mhic Cholla.

Air mo dhruim 's an tom fhalaich,
 'S beag mo shunnd ris a bhannal.
 Aig an cunntar an t-aran mar ion.

'Fhìr na gearr-ghrualge dubhe,
 Tha mi deurach gad chumha,
 O'n la 'reub thu cuan sruthach an roid.

Cha robh, 'ghraidh, 's cha bu chuibhe,
 Thu 'buain bhairneach air rudha,
 'Sann a bha thu 's do bhuidheann ag ol.

'N t-og aigeantach, rìoghail,
'Chulreadh sgairt fo na mìltean,
'Nuair a thogteadh leat pìob is breid sroil.

Gun eileadh sud leatsa,
Fìr ur' agus ñeasgach,
O na badain bheag phreas 's am bì 'n ceo.

Leat bu mhiann a bhì agad
Claidheabh cuil a chinn aiseinich,
Le faobhar cruaidh, sgaiteach, geùr, gorm,

Cha bu tais 's cha bu tlath thu,
'Marcachd suas roimh 'n bhrigada,
Air each aigeantach, ard nan ceith 'r brog.

Cha bu chladhaire truid thu,
'Dol an agaidh an trupa;
Ceum air adhart 'nan uchd b'e do nos.

Cha robh cron ort ri alreamh,
Ged a sgrìobht e air paipeir,
Ach a mheud 's a bha 'n ardan 'ad shroin.

Fhuair mì sgeul a Dunchanain,
A bhrisd leus air mo shealladh,
Mo chreach leir! nach h'eil Alasdair beo.

Agus fìrlan bho'n chlàrsair
'Tigh 'n air tìr am Port-Phadraig,
'S cha dean m' inntinn bona failte ri 'cheol.

'Stric mi 'smaointinn roimh latha,
Nach dìoghail thu t' athair;
Sud a mheudaich droch dhath air mo neoil.

Am fear llath 'bha sa charraig,
Is dul' iaruin mu bhallaibh,
B' e 'n laoch dian e 's am baranta sloigh.

Ach tha mo mhuighin an Crìosda,
Gum bì la ann ga dhioladh
Mun dig crolch air a mhlorbhullean mor'.

'S eil leam sgapadh fir Ile,
 Agus uaislean Chinntire,
 Is cha b' fhasa leam diol Raonuill Oig.

Gun cunhnadh Dia na cinn fheadhna,
 Dh' fhalbh am freasdal na gaoithe
 Air fleasgairt bhig, chaoil, nan tri seol.

B'ann dlu, 'n t-Aonghas og Glinneach,
 A ghabh fogradh thar linne;
 'S truagh gun roiseal do chinnidh 'bhi 'd
 choir;

Agus mis' air cul garaidh
 'Gamharc trupa shir Daibhidh;
 Cha b'iad comunn mo ghraidh-sa na sgleoid.

'Righ, gur h-iomadh sonn alainn,
 A bha companta, breithreil,
 'Thuit mu sgonnsa Dunabheirt gun deo.

Fir a chaitheadh na cuantan
 Ri droch latha 'ga fhuairlead,
 Ged a dh-eireadh muir 'suas ri slait bheoil.

Sar luchd bhualadh nam builleann,
 Nuair bu chruidh air each fuireach
 Nam biodh uachdarain bhunailteach oirbh.

Rod, sea-weed Fleasgairt, a boat. Roiseal,
 pomp, showy men. Sconnsa, a square or small
 fort Bunailteach, firm, steady.

The garrison of Dainaverty, consisting
 of about 260 men, surrendered to General
 David Leslie shortly after the middle of
 July, 1647. The helpless prisoners were
 put to death five days afterwards. A few
 weeks later Colla Ciotach, who had fallen
 into Leslie's hands, was hanged at Dun-

staffnage. Alexander Macdonald, Alasdair Mac Cholla, left Ireland for Scotland with 1,500 men, July 27th, 1744. He returned to Ireland in May, 1647. He was killed at the battle of Cnocnanos, in the County of Cork, November 13th, 1647.

Oran mu Ghlacadh Morair Hunndaidh.

'Mhoire, 's muldach 'tha mi
Mu gach sgeul 'tha mi' claitinn,
Is mi 'tearnadh le braigh' uisge Dhe.

'G amharc luchairt a bhalle,
Agus tur Abargheallaidh,
Gun luchd-sàrd a bhi 'n talla nan teud;

'G amharc aros nan luibhean,
Far am b' abhaist dhuit suidhe;
Bhiodh ann faileadh nan ubhall 's nam peur.

Aig ceann-uidhe nan Gaidheal,
Far an suidheadh iad statall,
Gheibhteadh ragna gach alte dhalbh reidh.

Gheibhteadh coinnean an lasadh
An ceann choinneleirean praise;
Bhoidh do sheomrachean laiste le ceir.

Chluinnteadh gleodhartach feodair
'Cur an adhaircibh beoire,
Seal mun dligeadh trath-noine do 'n ghrein;

'S uisge-beatha na tairgne
'Dol an cupachaibh airgid
'S moat uchd-gheal, gruaidh-dhearga, 'cur
grels.

Chan e gaoir bhan a Chlachain
A tha mise 'n diugh 'g acainn,
Gar an òigeadh gùn asde 'n choig ceud.

'S bòdchd an naidheachd an Albainn
Bog-na-gaoth' an Strath-bhalgaidh
'Bhi ga chlaoidheadh le armaitibh sreinn';

Agus leithid Morair Hunnaldh
A bhi 'n laimh an t il-butha,
Agus naimhdean 'na dhuthchannaibh fhein.

Morair Hunnaldh 's am Marcus
Bho thur nan clach naidhte,
Far 'm bu tionmhor laogh breac ri cois feidh.

Ach ma chaidh do ghliacadh
Leis a Mheinneireach as-caoin,
B' e mo dhiubhall a bh' aca 's b' e 'm beud.

Fior thoiseach a gheamhraidh,
Ann am fochair na samhna,
Bha do bhòchdan air tionndadh bho 'n ceill

N Dail-nam-both an Strath thamhann.
Aig a bhrothair' gun nairé,
Bha lamh-sgapidh a mhall air luchd-theud.

'S ann an clachan Chill-muile
'Dh' f hag sibh 'n ceannard gun tuisleadh,
Marcach greadhnach air trup-each mor
sreinn'.

Bog-na gaoithe, the Bog of Gicht. Tollbutha, a jail. Brothaire, a butcher. The eighth verse refers to the lamentation of the Breadalbane women after the fight at Stron-a-chlachain, in 1640.

George Gordon, second Marquis of Huntly, was captured by James Menzies of Culdares, in December, 1647. Menzies was known by the nickname of Crunair

Ruadh nan Cearc. He received a reward
of \$5,000 for capturing the Marquis.

Cumha Morair Hunndaidh.

LUINNEAG.

Lamh an Rìgh leinn, a dhaoine,
Cuin a chaoch 'leas a bheirt so?
'S gu fheil fìos san Roinn-Eorpa
Gur n-l choir tha sibh sracadh.
'Fhir a chruthaich o thus sinn,
Cuir a chuis gu treun, talceil,
Air na Banntairean breige
'Rinn an eucoir a chleachdadh.

'S mi ag amhais Strath chualaiche,
'S mor mo ghruaig n, 's cha bheag m' eislein,
'S mi ag amharc nan gleanntan
San robh 'n camp' aig Iarl' Einne;
Rìs an'goirt' an t-Eun Tuath ch,—
Eun nach d' fhuaradh ri breun chire,
Ged a tha e 'san am so
'Se gun cheann an Duneideann.

Gur a mor mo chuis mulaid
'S mi air m' uillinn 'am onrachd,
'S mi ag amharc an righe
For 'n do shuidhicheadh bordaibh.
Tha e 'n duigh fo ghleus chapull,
Fo fheur fad' agus folach;
Chaill e 'nachdaran smachdail,
An deagh Mharcus cha bheo e.

Naile, chunnaic mis' uair thu,
Is gum b' uasal do loiseam,
'Tigh 'nn am mach le d' gheard rioghal
Air na grinneinean gorma;
Luchd nan casagan sloda

'Ghlacadh pic gu grinn' modhar,
Is a bheireadh adbhansa
Ann an am dol an ordagh.

Bha mi eolach ad thalla,
'S bha mi steach ann ad sheombar;
Bhiodh ann iomairt air talleasg,
Is da chlarsaich a comhstrith;
Gus am freagradh am balla,
Do mhactalla nan oragan,
'S bhiodh fion Spainteach ga thogail
'M pairt de dh-obair nan or-cheard.

Cha do dh-fhogainn leo t' fhogradh
Air feadh fhrogan ga t' fhalach;
Ach do thur-bhalltein mòra
Bhi gun choir aig Mac.Callein.
'N uair a fhuair iad thu t' onrachd,
Rinn iad oirnne gnìomh alla;
Bha t' fhuil rioghail gun fhotus
Ga dluth dhorthadh mu 'n sgafal.

Ach a Thearlaich oig Stiubhairt
'S fad' an dusgadh so t'h' agad;
Gur a fad' ann ad shuain thu,
S tim dhuit gluasad bho' d chadal.
Mur h 'eil t'aire gu dìreach
Air do righeachd a thagradh;
Leig dhìot 's an droch uair l.
Mur h-eil oruadal ad aigheadh.

'S math an cuideachadh sluaigh dhuit
Thu 'bhi 'n uachdar na corach,
Gu coir t' athar a dhiughladh
Air na h-Iudasaich dheamhnaidh.
Ach na faireadh iad baòth thu,
No blas faoin air do chomhradh;
No mar chlàidheah bog staoine
An truaille chaoìn air a h-oradh.

Tha ard uaislean do righeachd
'N dìugh gan stiogadh an claisean,

Is gam falach an gubhsaich
 'N deidh do chuinneadh a phasadh.
 Daoine beag' a rinn cillein,
 'S iad lan gionaidh gu 'n crailclonn,
 Tha nam parlamaid rioghall,
 'N deidh an rìgh a chur seachad.

Tha na h-amraichean-muine
 'Gabhail tuil 'sa chuan fharsuinn;
 'S an loingean daraich a crionadh,
 'S am biodh fion gun dad aise,
 Is 'gan tilgeadh air eitir,
 As na portaibh a chleachd iad.—
 Ma mhaireas an tuil so,
 'S maireg a dh'fhuirich r'a faicinn.

Na Banntairean, the Covenanters. Einne, Enzie, a district in Bangshire belonging to the Gordons. An t-Eun Tuathach, the Cock of the North, a name given to the head of the Clan Gordon. Rìghe, the outstretched part or base of a mountain. Folach, rank grass growing upon dunghills. Loisam, show, pomp. Staoin, pewter or tin. Stìog, to crouch or skulk. Amar, a trough; amraichean, troughs. Oitir, a reef of sand, a shoal.

George Gordon, second Marquis of Huntly, was beheaded at the market-cross in Edinburgh, March 22d, 1749. The Marquis of Argyll was in possession of Huntly's estate from 1648 until 1660.

Cumha Mhontrois.

Mi gabhail srath Dhruinn-uachdair
 'S beag m' alghear anns an uair so;
 Tha 'n la air dol gu gruamnachd,
 'S chan e tha buain mo sprochd.

Ge duillich leam 's ge dlobhall
 M' fhear-cinnidh math 'bhi dhith orm,
 Chan fhasa leam an sgrìob e'
 'Thaig air an righeachd bhoche.

Tha Alb' a dol fo chis-chain
 Aig farbhalich gun fhirinn
 Bharr a chalba dhirich;
 'Sin cuid de m' dhllobhall ghoirt.

Tha Sasunnich 'gar foreigneadh,
 'Gar creachadh is 'g ar marbhadh;
 Gun gabh ar n- Athair fearq ruinn
 Gun dearmad dhuinn, 's gur bochd.

Mar a bha cloinn Israel
 Fo bhruid aig rìgh n' h-Elphait
 Tha sinn-n' air a chor cheudna;
 Chan elg iad ruinn ach "sluc";

'S ar rìgh an deidh a chrunadh,
 Mun gann a leum e ur-fhas,
 Na thaisdealach bochd, ruigsge,
 Gun gheard, gun chuirt, gun choisd'.

Ga fharfhuadach as 'aite,
 Gun duine leis de chairdean;
 Mar luing air uachdar saile,
 Gun stiur, gun ramh, gun phort.

Cha deid mi de Dhuneldeann,
 Bhon dhoirteadh full a Ghreumich,
 An leoghann dileas, treubhach,
 Ga cheusadh air a chroich.

B' e sud am fìor dhuin' uasal'
 Nach robh de'n chinneadh shuarach,
 S' bu ro mhath rugha gruaidhe
 'N am tarruinn suas gu trod.

Deud challe 'bu ro mhath dluthadh,
 Fo mhala chaoil gun mhugaich;
 Ge tric do dhreach gam dhusgadh
 Cha ruigs mi 'chach e 'n nochd.

'Mhic Neill o Asainn chtanall,
 Nan glacainn ann am lion thu,
 Bhiodh m' fhacal air do bhinn
 Is cha diobrainn thu o 'n chroich.

Thu fein is t' athair celle,
 Fear-taighe sin na Leime,
 Ged chrochteadh sibh le chelle,
 Cha b' eirig air mo lochd.

Craobh ruisgt' de 'n abhall bhreugach,
 Gun mheas, gun chliu, gun cheutadh,
 'Bha riamh ri mort a chelle,
 'N ur fuigheall bheum is chore.

Marbhaig ort, a mhiodhoir,
 Gum b' oic a reic thu 'm firean—
 Airson na mine Litich
 Is da-thrian d' i goirt.

M' fhear-cinnidh math, Alasdair Mac Cholla.
 Taisdealach, a wanderer, Farfhuadach, banishing.
 Trod, a scolding, a fight, a battle. Miodher,
 a mean contemptible person.

James Graham, Marquis of Montrose, was the only son of John, fourth earl of Montrose, and Margaret Ruthven, daughter of the Earl of Gowrie. He was born in the autumn of 1612. He was educated at St. Andrews. He succeeded his father as Earl of Montrose in 1626. He married in November, 1629, Magdalene Carnegie, daughter of the Earl of Southesk, by whom he had three sons. He was hanged in Edinburgh, May 27th, 1650.

Neil MacLeod, tenth of Assynt, married Florence, daughter of Torquil Conanach Macleod, of Lewis, by whom he had three sons, Neil, John, and Alexander. Neil, 11th of Assynt, married a daughter of Col. John Munro, of Lemlair. He arrested Montrose and Major Sinclair, his companion, at Carbiesdale, in Ross-shire, April 27th. 1650. He received a sum of money and 400 bolls of meal as a reward for his service. He lost his estate. He died without issue some time after 1691.

Iorram.

DO MHAC-GILLEAIN DHUBHAIRT.

Ged is fada na thuath mi,
Soraith slan do na h-uaislean;
Leam bu mhithich 'bhi 'gluasad gu'r tir

Gu duthaich Shir Lachuinn
Nam piob is nam bratach;
'S mor bhur diobhail ri feachdan an righ.

Cha b'e leanntuinn na ludaig
Ris na teudan bu dluithe,
'Bheireadh mise do'r duthaich bhig, chrin.

Gur h-e has Mhic-Gilleain,
Tha 'n reidhlig Orain na laighe,
A dh' fhag mise gun aighear, gun phris.

Agus Eachunn 's an araich
Fo thrupa nan naimhdean;
Fath mo thursa gach la 'bhi 'gur caoidh.

'S math thigeadh clogaide cruadhach
Air cul bachlach nan dual glan;
Gnuis fhathail is gruaidh mar am fion;

Agus spainteach gheur thairis
Ann an ceann claiginn ealant,
Is sgiath threachd nam ball daingeann
gad dhion.

Nam biodh again air blaran
De chlann-Domhnaill 's de m' chairdean
'Mheud sa chunnaic mi 'n armallt an righ;

'Mheud 'sa chunnaic mi fein diu
'Teachd air luingeas a Eirinn,
De shliochd gasda Chuinn cheud-chath
nam pios;

Cha bu shiochaint bhur cogadh
'N am dol sìos an tus troide,
A dhream rioghail nan clogad 's nam pic.

Chluinnteadh farum 'ur claidhean
Air claignibh 'ur namhad
Agus blaghean nan ceann 'gan toirt sìos.

'Siomad cubaire gealtach
'Tha buidhinn cuirt ann an Sasunn
'Bha 'ga chubadh mar chat ann an craoibh;

Agus rogaire breugach
'Bha mu mhilleadh righ Seurlas,
A ta 'nis oirnn ag eirigh gu strith.

'S mur a caochail sibh cleachdadh,
Gu ma taobh-dhearg bhur leapan,
'S fuil a taosgadh an claisean 's an dig.

Gum biodh feadarsaich luaidhe
An lorg sraide na cluaise,
'S mnai ri gal, 's cha bu chruaidh leum an
caoidh.

Tairis, trusty. Cubaire, a shabby sneaking
fellow.

Sir Lachlan Maclean of Duart died April 18th, 1648. Sir Hector Roy, his son and successor, was killed at the battle of Inverikething, with 760 of his followers, July 20th, 1651.

Tilleadh an Dara Rìgh Tearlach.

'S mi am shineadh air m' uilinn
Ann an ard ghleannan mulaich,
Is mor abhar mo shulais ri gaire.

Ged is fada 'nam thosd mi,
Ma 's a cuis sin a 's ole leibh,
Thig gu h-ealamh an sop as mo bhraghad;

On bha sheanus' oirnn a chluinntinn,
Ged bu teann a bha chuing oirnn,
Gun do thionndaidh a chuibhl mar b' aill leinn.

Biodh a chas so air chriseachd
Le mo bhata 's le m' phoca,
Is an lamh ann ga stobadh gu sar mhath,

Gur mi-iomchuidh an ni dhuinn,
A bhi stad ann am prìosan
An am tighinn do 'n rìgh a chum alte.

Thug ar n-Athair dhuinn furtachd
As na cliathan teann, druidte,
Nuair a dh' iarr sinn air uichair a gharaidh,

Is a Thearlaich oig Stiubhairt,
Bhon a charadh an crunn ort,
Gum biodh Dia na fhear-stiuridh air t'
fhardaich;

Bhon a chaidh thu 'sa chathair,
 Gun aon bhuille le claidheabh,
 N ainngloirmhor an Athair 'san Ard Righ;

Bhon a thasaig thu 'd righeachd,
 Mar a b' oil le d' luchd mioruin,
 Ann an coinnimh ri mìle ciad failthe.

'S iomadh iochdran mor, misgeach,
 'S miosa run dhiut na mise,
 'Tha 'cur staigh am pitisin an drasda.

Luchd nan torra-chaisteal liatha,
 Air an stormadh le iarunn,
 B' olc na lorgairean riamh ann ad gheard
 iad.

Cha b' fhas' an dusgadh a cadal
 Nam madadh-ruadh 'chur a braclaich,
 Nuair fhuaradh thu lag 's iad ga t'aicheadh.

Na dearg mheirlich 'chaidh 'dh-aon taobh,
 'S a dhoirt full Morair Hunndaidh,
 S math a cho sinn le bunndaist am paig-
 headh.

Leam is eibhinn mar thachair,
 Mar a dh' eirich do 'n bhraich ud;
 Bha gach ceann d' i na bachlagan bana.

Cha robh uibhir 's na cairtean
 Nach robh tionndadh mi-cheart orr';
 Bha mo shuileam gam faicinn an trath ud.

S olc an leasan am bhiadhna,
 Mur a furtaich thu Dhia air,
 A ta feitheamh an Iarla neo bhaigheil.

Al am rusgadh a cholleir,
 Theid an ceann deth o 'n choluinn,
 Gloir mar 's cubhaidh is moladh do 'n Ard-
 Righ.

Mhaighdean dubh-riabhach, smachdail,
'Dh' fhagas giallan gun mhearsuinn.
Bheir i 'm fiabhras a Marcus Earrghaidheal.

Ged 's e 'thus chan e dheireadh
Do luchd-dusga'dh an teine;
'S mar mo run do gach fear dhe do chaird-
ean.

'S mor gum b' fhearr air gach doigh dhuit
Na na chruinnich thu 'storas,
A bhi tional an oiraich gu d' gharadh.

Seannsa, luck, chance. Lorgair, one that
tracks a spy. Bunndaist, wages, perquisites.
Mearsuinn, strength.

Charles II. returned to Britain in 1660.
He entered London on the 29th of May.
He was crowned in Westminster Abbey,
April 23rd, 1661. The Marquis of
Argyll was executed in Edinburgh, May
27th, 1661.

Mort Na Ceapich.

'S teare an diugh mo chuis ghaire
'Tigh'nn na raidean so 'n iar,
'G amharc fonn Ionarlair
'N deldh a stracadh le siol;
Ged tha 'Cheapach na fasach,
Gun aon aird oirr' a's fiach.
'S furasd' fhalcinn, a bhrathrean,
Gur trom 'bharc oirnn an t-sionn.

'S fad' bhios culmhn' air an Aoine
'Dh' fhag a chaoidh slàn fo sprochd,

Ann an am na Feill-Micheil,
 'S cha bu ni 'chall air flod;
 Ach bhi 'n diugh 'n ar cuis-bhurta
 Mar mhiol-buirn air an loch;
 'N uair 'theid gach cinneadh a dh-aon taobh,
 Bidh sinne sgaoilt' mu 'n chnoc.

'S ann Di-sathuirne gearr bhualnn
 Bhuall an t-earchall orm goirt,
 'S mi os clonn nan corp geala
 'Bha 'call fala fo 'n bhrot:
 Bha mo lamhan-sa craobh dhearg
 'N deidh bhi taosgadh bhur lot;
 'S e bhur cur ann sa ehlste
 Turn a's misde mo thoirt.

B' iad mo ghaol na cuirp chul-bhuidh'
 'Sam bu dluth cuir nan eglan
 'S iad 'nan sineadh air urlar
 'N seomar ur gan cur sìos,
 Fo chasan Shìol Dughaill,
 Luchd a spuilleadh nan eilar;
 Dh' f hag a'iedh am biodag
 Mar sgail ruidil bhur bian.

Fha 'n taigh cadall 'n diugh duinte,
 'Se gun smuid deth, gun cheo;
 Far an d'aom iad d' ur n-lonnsaidh
 'Thaobh ur cuil is ur beoil,
 Ach nan robh agaibh uin'
 Bho 'r luchd mì-ruin a bhi beo,
 Cha bu bhaile gun surd e,
 Bhiodh ann muirn agus ceol.

'S fuar caidreamh talgh-tabhairn,
 'San robh gairich is cosd,
 Far nach cluinnear guth clarsich
 Ach goir chraiteach nam bochd;
 'N diugh mar thalleasg fo dhaoìn'
 Tha t' fhearann sgaoilte 's e nochd;
 Tilgear urchair na dìsne,
 'S chi gach tl am meur goint'.

Oirne thaig an diombuaidh
 Is an iomagain gheur,
 Mar bha claidheabh ar fine
 Cho minig 'nar deidh;
 Paca Thurcach gun sireadh
 A bhi pinneadh bhur cleibh,
 Bhi 'nur breacain 'gur filleadh
 'Measg 'ur clinnidh mhoir thein.

'Leith'd de mhort cha robh 'n Albinn,
 Ged bu bharbarr' a gleus;
 S' cha bu laghall an t sealg e
 'Chosnadh sealbh rìoghachd Dhe.
 Ge b' e 'm fath mu 'n robh 'n sgioradh,
 'Chaoidh ghan innis mi 'n sgeul;
 Cha dan' a leithid de mhilleadh
 Air ceann-clinnidh fo 'n ghrein.

Ghabh sibh roimhe so fath oirnn,
 Dh' fheuch bhur cairdeas ruinn geur;
 Chaidh sibh 'staigh ann san fhasach
 'N uair a thar sibh bhi reidh;
 Chuir sibh cungaidd a chatse
 'Staigh an aros nan teud,
 'S cuid de 'm buaillichean ba-chruidh
 Ann an garadh nam peur.

Cait an robh e fo 'n adhar
 'Sheall 'nur bathais gu geur,
 Nach dugadh dhuibh athadh,
 Iuchd 'nr labhairt 's 'ur beus,
 Mach bho chlann bhrath 'r 'ur n-athar,
 'Mheall ar t-albhistear treun?
 Ach ged rinn iad bhur lot-sa,
 'S trom an rosad dhaibh fein.

Tha leann-dubh 'na chas cruaidh orm,
 'Tigh 'nn an uaigneas mo chleibh;
 Leis mar dh' fhas e 'na chuan orm,
 B' thearr leam bhuam e mar cheud.
 Ciamar dh' fhaodas mi dìreadh,

Gun ite dhìles 'nam sgeith;
Is luchd deanamh na sìthne
Bhì feadh na tìre gun dèidh.

'S og a bha sibh de bhliadhnaibh,
Ghlac an ciadadh sibh luath;
'S glan a nochd sibh bhur ciall
Gu cur bhur riaghailtean 'suas.
Ge b'e ghabhadh rium flabhras
Bhì 'gur n-largain 's sibh bhuam,
Bìdh mi 'cumha mu 'r riasladh
Gus an liath air mo ghrualg.

Chuir Dia oirnn mac oighre
Gu bhì 'na choinnleir roimh chach,
'Chum gun soillsicheadh 'sholus
Mar phreas-toridh fo bhlath.
'S mi gum freagradh do chaismeachd
Air fraoch-bhratle gun chearb,
Dealbh do bradain, do dhobhrain,
Do luing', leoghìn, 's laimh dheirg.

Dh' ordich Dia dhuinn craobh-shiochaid
'Chumadh dìon oirnn le treoir,
Do 'm bu choir dhuinn bhì strìochdadh
Fhad 's an cian 'bhiomid beo.
Ma 's sinn fhìn a chuir dìth oirr'
Chan fhearr a chrìoch a thig oirnn;
Tuitidh tuagh as na flatheas
Leis an sgathar na meoir.

An glan fhluran so 'bh' aginn
'N taobh so fhlai'heas Mhic Dhe,
An t-aon fhluran a b' aillidh'
'Bh' ann sa phàire an robh spels,
Thanig sgiursadh a bhais air
'Thug gu lare 'dh-aon bheum,
Mar gum buaineadh sibh ailean
Leis an fhaladair gheur.

'S math is toilitinneach sinne
'Bhì gu minig am pein,

Rhon a ghlac siun fal spiorad
 Ann an ionad fiamh Dhe.
 Mar luirg bhris' air an linge,
 Ged bu mhillis am beul,
 Bha na daoine dha 'm buineadh
 A bhi umaibh mar sgeith.

Tha mulad air 'm inntinn
 A bhi 'g innseadh bhur beus':
 'S ann a ghabh iad am fath oirbh
 N uair chaidh 'ur fagail leibh fein.
 'S bochd an sgeul eadar bhraithrean
 'Dhol an lathair Mhic Dhe,
 Mar a chreachadh na fiurain
 Leis na h-Iudasich bhreun.

Cha b'e sud 'bha mi 'g ionndrainn,
 Ge do phlunndrig iad sibh,
 Ach na h-oganich chul-bhuidh'
 Air an lubadh 'san lion.
 'S e 'chuir stad air mo shugradh
 'S 'dh-fhag mo shuilean gun dion,
 Sibh bhi sint' ann sa chruisile
 'S graisg na duthcha gun fhlamh.

Gun sealladh Dia oirnn le 'ghrasan
 Ge b'e la thig ar crìoch,
 Bhon is mallicht' an t-al sinn
 'S gur maig a ch-araich ar trian;
 Is gne Thurcach gun bhaigh sinn
 Ach nach d' aichaidh sinn Crìosd;
 Fagsaidh muir air an traigh sinn
 Mar chulidh-bhaite gun dion.

'..heil an stocas an d' fhas sibh,
 'Cur bhur bais an neo-shuim,
 'S uir-luch riabhach na pairce
 'Gabhail saith fo fhal-fuinnt?
 Clamar 'dh 'fhuillingeas tu fein sud,
 Gun t' fhuil a dh' eirigh fo thuinn,
 'S gur tu 'thog iad 'nan oige,
 'Staigh mu bhord an Dun-tuilm?

'S Iomad oganach treubhach,
 'Shtubhleadh reidh is glaic chrom,
 Eadar ceann Drochaid Eire
 'S Rudha Shleite nan tonn,
 A ghrad dheanadh leat eirigh,
 'Dheagh Shlr Seumas nan long,
 'S leis 'm bu mhlann 'bhi' diol t'eirig,
 Nam biodh do chrenuhag lan tholl.

Ach a Mhorair Chloinn-Domhnall
 'S fad' do chomhnidh 'measc Ghall;
 Dh' fhaig thu sinn' ann am breislich
 Nach do fhreasdall thu 'n t-am;
 Cha mho ghleidh thu na gibhtean
 'Chaidh gun fhios dult air chall;
 Tha sinn corrach as t' aogais,
 Mar cholainn sgaollte gun cheann.

A Mhic Moire 's a Chriosda
 'Dh' fhuiling pian nan coig creuchd,
 Faic mar theill iad an diteadt
 Gach aon ti 'bha mu 'n eug;
 Ma tha toradh 'san dìogh 'ltas
 'Chur do righeachd an leud,
 Gaolr na fala tha 'dhith orm
 Gu ruige sith flaitheas De.

Strac, fill to the brim. Aird, condition, preparation. Sion, a storm. Fìod, floating. Mìol-buirn, a whale. Earchall, loss, calamity. Brot, properly brat, a bed-cover. Toirt, attention to business, strength, importance. Aileadh, a mark. Taighabhairn, a house of entertainment. Nochd, naked, bare, exposed. Diombuaidh, bad luck, misfortune. Barbarra, or borbarra, barbarous. Sgionadh, or sgeanadh, knifing. Cunn-gaidh, ingredients, materials, means. Athadh, respect, sparing through pity, fear. Rosad, misfortune, evil. Ciatadh, or ceutadh, gracefulness, pleasantness, kindness. Faladair, speal, a scythe. Fal or feall, false, deceitful. Uirfuch, a mole. Fal-fuinn, a hoe. Reidh, a level place. Glaic or glac, a hollow, a short narrow valley.

Alexander Macdonald of Keppoch, Alasdair nan Cleas, had three sons, Raonull Og, Domhnall Glas, and Alasdair Buidhe. He was succeeded by his son Raonull Og, who was succeeded by his son Angus. Angus, who was killed at Slson-a-Chlachain in 1640, was succeeded by Domhnall Glas, second son of Alasdair nan Cleas. Domhnall Glas married a daughter of Forester of Kilbaggie in Clackmannanshire, by whom he had two sons, Alexander and Ronald. Alexander, Alasdair Mor, succeeded his father. He was an excellent young man. Alasdair Buidhe, third son of Alasdair nan Cleas, had acted as Tutor of Keppoch for a number of years. He was an ambitious, selfish, and unscrupulous man, and resolved to get rid of his two nephews, Alexander and Ronald by assassination in order to secure the chieftainship of the Macdonalds of Keppoch for himself. He had five sons, Allan, Archibald, Alexander, Donald, and Ronald. Allan and Donald, assisted by Alasdair Ruadh Mac-Dhughail of Ionarlair and his six sons, went stealthily to Keppoch house and murdered Alasdair Mor and his brother Ronald, who was only a young boy. The horrible deed was committed in September, 1663.

"Mort na Ceapich" is a very beautiful poem, and gives us a good view of John Lom in a state of repose. He stands before us as a tender-hearted and faithful friend, a preacher of truth and righteousness, and a man of firm faith in a just God. The appeals to Macdonald of Sleat and MacDonald of Glengarry show good sense and good taste. The poet was a skilful pleader.

Cumha.

DO MHAC-MHIC-RAONAILL NA CEAPICH AGUS
A BHRATHAIR, A CHAIDH A MHORT 'SA
BHLIADHNA, 1663.

'S mi am shuidh' air brualach torrain
Mu 'n cuairt do Choire-na-cleithe;

Ged nach h-'eil mo chas crubach,
Tha lot na's mu orm fo m' leine;

Ged nach h-eil mo bhian sracte,
Tha fo m' aine mo chreuchdan;

'S chan e curam na h-imrich,
No iomagain na spreidhe;

No bhi gam chur do Cheann-talle,
'S gun fhios cia 'n t-àite do 'n deid mi;

Ach bhi 'n nochd gun cheann-cinnidh;
'S tric 's gur minig leam fein sin;

Ceann-cinnidh nam Braigheach
'Chuireadh sgath air luchd-Beurla.

Tha mo choill air a maoladh,
Ni a shaoll leam nach eireadh.

Tha mo chnothan air faoisgneadh,
'S cha bu chaoch iad ri 'm feuchinn.

Chan fheil ann diu ach tuaileas,
Dh' fhan iad bhuam am barr gheugan.

Cha b'e fuaim do ghreigh lodain
'Gheibht' a sodrich gu feilltean;

No geum do bha tomain
'Dol an coinnimh a ceud laigh;

No uisge nan sluasid
Bharr druablas na feithe.

'S e bu mhiann le d' luchd-taighe.
'Bhl gan tathich le beusan;

Mu dha thaobh Garbh-a-chonnidh,
Far 'm biodh na sonnanich gle mhor.

Le am morgha geur, sgaiteach,
Frith bhacach, garbh leumnach.

'S beag an t-ionghnadh leam t' uaisle
'Thigh'nn an uachdar ort 'eudail;

Is a liuthad sruth uaibhreach
As 'n do bhuaineadh thu 'n ceud uair.

Celst nam fear thu bho'n Fhearsit
Is bho Cheapich nam peuran;

Bho Loch-treig an fheoir dhosrich,
'S bho Shrath-Oisein nan reidhlean,

'S bho cheann Daire-na-mine
Gu Sron-na-h-iolaire leithe.

Sliochd an Alasdair Charrich
'Rachadh allail 'na eideadh;

Sar mhac an Iarl Ilch
Ceannard mhilltean is cheudan.

'S ro mhath shloinninn do shinnsearadh,
Full dhireach Chuinn Cheud-chathich;

Bho mhac an rìgh Spaintich
A rinn tamh ann an Eirinn.

Shìol Mhìlidh nan cathan
A bha grathun 's an Elphalt.

B'e mo chreach is mo ghonadh
Nacn d'fhuair thu cothram na Feinne.

Gun tigh'nn ort 's tu 'nad chadal
Ann an leaba gun eirigh,

'S ann air maduinn Di-domhnaich
'Rinn na meirlich do reubadh;

Da mhac brathair t' athar,
Gum bu scrathail leam fein sud.

Agus seachd de shìol Dughaill
Luchd spuilleadh nan ceudan.

Ach thig Sir Seumas nam bratach,
'S bheir e 'm mach dhuinn bhur n-eirig;

Agus Aonghus bho Ghairidh,
Leoghan fathramach gleusta;

'S gun a choimas air thalamh
An am tarruinn nan geur-lann.

Thig na cinn dibh a chonaibh,
'S ann leam 'bu toilicht' an sgeula.

Oran do Shìol Dughaill.

'S trom 's gur h-eis leineach m' aigne,
'N duigh gur feudar dhomh aideach',
'S iad gam ruagadh mar chabrach nan torr.

Iad gam fhoirradh a Clachaig,
'S mi gun mhanas, gun aitreabh,
'S nach h-e 'm mal a tha fairtleachadh orm.

Iad gam fhogradh a m' dhuthaich,
'S m' fhearann posd' aig Siol Dughaill,
'S iad am barail gun uraich iad coir.

Iad gam fhogradh gun aobhar,
'S nach mi shalaich an t-saobhaidh,
Mar mhadadh-alluidh 's a chaonnag mu
'shroin.

Mo ni 's m' earnais feadh monaidh,
'S mi mar ghearr eadar chonaibh,
Gun chead tearnadh' measg loinne no feoir.

Bho nach d' fhas mi 'm fhear-murta,
Gu bhi sathadh mo chuirce,
Mar na cealgairean curta 's taighmhor.

Bha fuil chradbhach o lotan,
'Dh' fhaoidt' a thogail le copan,
'Ruith na carchain mu bholtaibh nam brog.

Ach ged 'mhort an luchd-reubainn—
Na fir og' a b'fhearr beusan,
'S mis' 'tha 'u dlugh ann an eiginn bho 'n toir.

Mar lagh Sgìre Ma-Cheallaig,
Anns na linntean nach maireann,
Nuair a dhìt iad an gearran 'sa mhod.

Lagh cho cearr 's a bha 'm Breatunn,
'Bhi le meirleach a seasamh,
Is ga thearnadh bho leadairt nan cord.

Cleas gnìomh narach na musaig
A bha posd aig a chruiteir
Nuair a bhuail i sa phluic e le dorn.

A bhean challaidh gun obadh,
'Chionn a dochair a thogail,
B' aill leath' fhagail gu h-obann gun deo.

Bha a bheist air a buaireadh
No ciont fhein 's i lan uabhair,
'S chaidh an eucoir an uachdar gu mor.

A Ruaidh robaich nam maodal,
 Ged a stobadh tu caolain,
 'S beag dhe d' chogadh a shaoil mi 'bhiodh
 oirnn.

'S aobhar mulaid is naire
 Gum faict' fhathasd a lathair
 Na fir bhorb 'bha mu strathadh nan og.

Ach faodar cadal gu seisteil,
 Aig fìor fhadal Shir Seumas,
 Leig each ladarnas deistinneach leo.

'S truagh nach faicinn do loingeas;
 'S mi nach brisdeadh a choinnimh,
 Nam biodh coiseachd air chomas dhomh beo.

Bhiodh do ghilleag gun smalan,
 Sruth a mireadh ri 'daraich,
 'S a croinn ghuibhais fo sparradh nan scol.

Nuair a lagadh a ghaoth oirnn,
 Bhiodht' a lasgadh a h-aodaich,
 'S buidheann ghasda mo ghaoil 'dol air
 doigh.

Raimh mu 'n dunadh na basaibh
 Bhiodh a lubadh air bhacaibh;
 Sud a chursachd o 'n atadh na leois.

Bhiodh fir chalin' air a totaibh,
 I 'na deann chum na cloiche,
 Is muir dhughorm a spoltadh mu 'bord.

Cabrach, a deer. Manas, a cultivated piece
 of ground, a farm. Loinn, a cornfield. Curta,
 wicked, impious. Seisteil, having a couch or
 bed.

The Siol Dughaill were Macdonalds.
 They came from Moidart to Lochaber
 about the year 1547. Alasdair Ruadh
 was the principal man among them in

Alasdair Buidhe's time. He lived at Ionarlaire. He was put to death for the Keppoch murder by the Ciaran Mabach in 1665. His six sons were slain at the same time.

An Ciaran Mabach.

Ged 's eun fograldh mi 'san tìr so.
Air mo ruagadh as na crìochan,
Gloir do Dhia 's do dh-Iarla Shifort,
Cha bhi sinn tuilleadh fo 'n bhinn ac'.

'Shir Seumas nan tur 's nam baldeal,
Ghelbh luchd muirne cuirm ad aitreabh;
Ged a rinn thu 'n dusal cadail,
'S eibhinn leam do dhusgadh maidne.

Slan fo d' thriall, a Chiarain Mhabich,
'Shinbhleadh slabh gun bhiadh, gun chadal;
Fraoch fo d' bhroig gun bhosd, gun bha-
gradh;

Chuir thu ceo fo 'n roiseal bhradach.

Diciadain a chaidh thu 't uidhim,
Le d' bhratich aird 's le d' ghilleibh dubha.
Thug thu sgriob an nall a Uibhist,
'S bhuail thu 'd dheann aig ceann an uidhe.

Chuir thu stopadh air na caolais
Mun deant'gial mu d' thriall a sgaoileadh.
Cha robh coit no ramh no taoman
Nach do ghlacadh le do dhaoine.

Cha d' iarr thu bat no long dharich
Ri am geamhradh 'a tus na gaillinn;
Triubhas teann feadh bheann is bheulach;
Coiseachd bhonn ge trom do mheallag.

Rinn thu mhoch-etrigh Didomhnich,
 Cha b' ann gu 'n aitreabh a chomhdach;
 Ach thoir am a ach nan cas cheann doite,
 'S chur sradalg fo bhraclich na feola.

'S buidheach mis' airson do ghniomha;
 Cuid de 'n achain 'bha mi 'g iarraidh,
 'N grad spadadh le glas lalnn liatha,
 'S bhi tarraun ghad air fad am fiacal.

Bhon smachdalc thu 'n Ionarlair' iad,
 'S a chuir thu gach euls gu h-alte,
 Mun d' sgaoll thu t' itean air falle,
 'S feirrd do mheas e 'measg nan Gaidheal.

'S ann leam nach bu chrualdh a ghaoir ud
 Bh' aig mnathaibh galach nam falt sgaolte,
 Nuair a bha na fir nach maolaeadh
 'Sealg nam boc mu dhos nam maolseach.

'S maig a rinn fhlaolun 'san drochbheirt,
 'N deidh a phlaosgaidh 'thualr bhuir plocan;
 Claignean gan slodadh o chorpalbh,
 Mar chinne laogh an deidh nan corcan.

Meallag, the belly. Ploc, a cheek, a large
 head. Faolum or foghlum, learning.

Rannan.

Eadar Brian, am Bard Asainteach, agus
 Iain Lom.

BRIAN.

Thoir soraidh gu Iain Manntach bhuam,
 Rag mheirleach nan each breanndalach;
 Gur tric a thug am mealltair ud
 Leis meann am mach o 'n chro.

B' e fasan fir a Bhraigh' agalbh,
 'S da thaobh Loch-Iall gu Arisalg,
 Phiodh sgian 'san dara brathair dhiu
 Mu urad ara 'dh-fheoll.

IAIN LOM.

A theanga llotach, mhìorallteach,
 Nach tuig thu bhl gad dhlomoladh.
 'S mithich tarrulnn gu clach-lhonraith leat
 'S am faigheadh Brian a leoir.

Cha b' chubair a ghòid ghearran mi,
 Cha d' chuir mi uidh 'san ealain sin;
 S' e a mho a chum e calthris orm
 'Bhl dol an caralbh cro.'

Thoir soraidh gu bard Asaint bhuam,
 Gu seann bhus lath nan ceapairean;
 Gur coltach do bheal rapasach
 Ri slait de 'n chealtair chloth.

Beul salach, molach, feusagach,
 Lan snuig is ronn is reumannan;
 'S gur tric do bhrù 'sa gheisgeil ort
 'N deidh fuigheal creis nam bord.

A sheann-tuir leith nan ursannan,
 Gur tric a dheabh thu cupachan,
 'Sa chaidil thu 'sna guiteirean
 An deidh do ghucag ol.

An uair bu dlùithe 'n aileag ort,
 Bu lionmhor cu is galla 'bhiodh
 A toirt nan sul 's nam mala dhìot,
 'S tu bruchdadh baladh feol'.

Gur salachar ille' is urlair thu,
 Lan sgeig is goimh is druisealachd,
 Mar bharaili 'n deidh a tìonndadh
 'Se 'cur sgum gu barr-fall bhrog.

Ged 's cam am mulgh mu d' ghluinean thu,
 Gur caimhe 'staigh fo d' shuillean thu',
 'S tu traoiteir nan seachd duthchannan
 A reic an crun air ghrot.

Ara, a kidney. Miorailteach, incomprehensible. Cealtair, thick gray cloth. Cubair, a sneak. Ealain, trade. Smug, snot. Ronn, slaver. Reum, phlegm: Seann-tur, an old acquaintance. Deabh, drain, dry up. Pruisa lachd, lecherousness.

Rannan.

Eadar Domhnall Gruamach agus Iain Lom.

DOMHNALL GRUAMACH.

A bhean nam pog mealla,
'N nà gorm-shuillean meallach,
'S ann tha mo chion falach
Fo m' bhannan do m' ghradh.

Chan fhell mi gad leirsinn,
Ach mar gum biodh reul ann
An taic ris a ghrein so
'Tha 'g eirigh gach la.

IAIN LOM.

Air leatsa gur reul i,
'S gur coltach ri grein so
'S og a chaill thu do leir-inn,
Ma thug thu 'n eileg ud do ghradh.

Boladh uilleadh an sgadain
De dh-urlainn na h-apa;
'S i 's cubalche falcinn
'Tha 'n talce ri traigh.

DOMHNALL GRUAMACH.

Fios bhuam gu Iain Mabach,
Dha 'm bu dual a bhi 'gadachd,
Nach co-ion da bhi 'calg rium
'S ri cabaire baird.

A bhusaire rodnach,
Fhir nam pluit-chasan croma,
Tha na cuspan air lomadh
Gu bonnaibh do shall'.

A phllutaire bhusaich,
 Fhìr nam brusg-shiùlean musach.
 Chan fhasa do thuigsinn
 Na plubartaich cail.

Ged tha thu 'm' fhuil-dhìrich,
 Naille, cumaidh mi sìos thu;
 Cha bbi colille gun chrìonaich
 Gu dìllon a fas.

Fuigheal sìor-dheireadh feachd thu,
 Chan fhìlach le each ac' thu;
 Chaill thu t' ìnghnean sa Cheapich,
 'S griobadh prais' agus chlar.

IAIN LOM.

Fìos bhuamsa dhuit, 'ille,
 Chaill thu dualchas do chinnidh;
 Gu bheil thu air mhìre
 Le inisgean baird.

Mi cho saor de no ronnán
 Rì aon beo dhe do shloinneadh;
 Naille, rinn thu bhreug shoilleir
 Am follais do chach.

Ma 's ann ormea mar dhìmeas,
 Ghabh thu choill as a crìonaich,
 Iarr an doire na 's isle
 Fo lochdar do chlair.

Mur bhi dhomhsa mac t' athar,
 Is ann da tha mi 'g athadh,
 Naille, chuirinn ort athais,
 'Tha faisg, air do chail.

Milleadh, oll. Cubach, bent. Brusg-shuill,
 brach-shuill, or reask-shuill, a blear eye. Athais,
 a slur, a reproach.

Iorram.

DO SHIR SEUMAS MOR MAC-DHOMHNAILL.

Moch 's mi 'g eirigh 'sa mhaduinn,
 'S trom eisleineach m' aigneadh,
 'S nach eighear mi 'n caidreamh nam braith-
 rean.

Leam is aithghear an ceilidh
 'Rinn mi mar ris an t-Seu nas
 Ris 'n do dhealich mi 'n de roimh la caisge.

Dia 'na stiuir air an darach
 'Dh' fhalbh air thus an t-siul-mhara
 Seal mun d'ug e 'cheud bhoinne de thraghadh.

A chrom chrannairneach riabhach,
 Luchdmhor, laidir, saidh-dhlónach,
 Leam a b' alt 'bhi 'g ol fion' air a claralbh.

Cha bu mharcich' eich sreine
 A chumadh geall reis riut
 'N uair a thogteadh do bhreid os-cionn salla.

'N uair a chairteadh riut tonnag
 Air chuan iargalt nan dronnag,
 'S lomadh gleann leis an cromadh tu t' earr-
 linn.

'N uair a shuidheadh fear stiuir ort
 An am fagail do dhuthcha,
 Bu mhear-shruthach cuan dubh-ghlas fo d'
 shail-sa.

Cha b' iad na lus-chrubain mheanbha
 'Bhíodh mu d' chupuil ag eilgheadh,
 Nuair a dh' eireadh mor shoirbheas le bar-
 cadh.

Ach na fuirbinnean treuna,
 'S math a dh' iomradh 's a dh' eigheadh,
 'S bheilreadh tulg an tus cleith air ramh
 braghad.

'N uair a dh' fhalictheadh fo ulsg' i,
 Is nach faictheadh lan suidh dh' i,
 Bhiodh luchd-a-taighe 'sior-lubadh a h-
 alaich.

'S iad gun eagal, gun eislein,
 A sior fhreagairt d' a chelle,
 'N uair a thigeadh muir beucach, cas, ard
 orr'.

'Dol timchioll Rudha na Callich.
 Bu mhath siubhal a darich
 'Gearradh astair gu calthream Chaoil-
 Acuin;

'Casgairt tuinn a chuain fhiadhich,
 Mar bu chuibhe dhuinn iarridh,
 'Mach gu Uibhist bhig, riabhich, nan cradh-
 gheadh.

Cha bu bhruchag air meirg' i,
 'Fhuair a treachailt le 'h-eirbheirt,
 'Nuair a thigeadh oirr' doirbh shion le gab-
 hadh.

Gum b' ard-sheanntach air muir i,
 A siubhal ghleann gun bhi currtha,
 'S buill chainbe troimh 'dulagaibh arda.

Sar Mhac-Dhomhnaill an Duin oirr',
 'S do mhac oighre 's mor curam;
 'S, i do cheill 'fhuair an cliu 'measg nan
 Gaidheal.

Do mhac Uibhisteach, Sleiteach,
 D' am bu chubhidh bhi steudmhor
 'Mach o'n rugha d'an eightheadh Dun-
 Sgathich.

An t-og misneachall, treubhach,
'S'lochd nam Millidh a Eirinn,
A bha gleust' air chul sgeith' ann ana bla-
raibh.

Gur a mor mo chion fein ort,
Ged nach bi mi ga eigheach,
'Mhic an fhir leis an eireadh na Braighich.

Ceist nam ban o Loch-treig thu,
'S o Shrath Olsein na Feinne;
Gheibhteadh bruic agus feidh air a h-arinn.

Dh' eireadh buidheann a Rualdh leat,
'Lubadh iubhar mu 'n gual'libh,
'Thig o bruthichean fuar' Charn-na lairce.

Dream eile dhe d' chinneadh
Clann-Iain o 'n Innein
'S iad a rachadh 'san iomairt, neo-sgathach.

'S iomad oganach treubhach,
Is glac chrom air chul sgeith aig',
'Thig gu d' bhratich, a threun laolich nan
Gaidheal.

Is a fhreagradh dha t' eigheach,
Nan cuireadh tu feum orr',
'Nuair a chluinneadh iad fein do chrois-tara.

Ged b'e Mair cur a choirc' e,
'S mi nach tilleadh o stoc bhualbh,
'S ann a bhidhinn an toiseach a bhata.

'N uair 'bhiodh cach deanamh gnìomha
Bhiodh mo chuid-sa dheth dìomhain,
'G ol mo ghuscaig 's mi 'm shineadh air
faradh.

Seol-mara, tide. Tonnag, a mantle. Earrlinn,
keel. Lus-chrubain, weak fellows like droop-
ing weeds. Cupnill, shrouds. Alach, a bank of
oars. Bruchag, a leaky boat. Eirbheirt, mo-
tion. Currtha, fatigued. Arinn, a deer forest.
Glac, the hollow of the hand. Gusgag a
bumper.

Marbhrann do Shir Seumas Mac-Dhomhnaill.

Gur a mis' tha fo phramh,
Thuit mo chridhe gu lar ;
A Rìgh, 's deacair dhomh tamh 's mi beo.

'S e do thuras o'n Dun
A dh' fhaig snigh' air mo shuill,
'S a bhi faicinn do thuir gun cheo.

Tha do bhaile gun speis,
Gun eich gam modhadh le sreìn ;
Dh' fhalbh gach fasan le Seumas og.

Bhiodh do ghillean mu seach
'Taomadh dìbhe b' fhearr blas,
Fìon Spainteach dearg datht' is beoir;

'S uisge-beatha nam pìos
'Rachadh t' airgid ga dhiol ;
Chit' an gloin' e mar ghriogan oir.

Nuair a rachadh tu 'strìth
Ann an armait an rìgh,
Bhiodh do dhiollaid air mìl-each gorm.

Nam biodh gairm ort am mach
A chur naimhdean fo smachd.
Bhiodh Iain Muideartach leat 's Mac-Leòid.

Bu leat fìr an taoibh tuath,
Fìr a Bhraighe so shuas,
Is Mac-Griogair bho Ruadh-Shruth chno.

Bhiodh clann-Iain an nall,
Bho throm dhubhar nam beann,
'Chuireadh saighead le srann am feoil.

Bhiodh a Atholl an nìos
Comhlan gasda gun sgìos,
Fo 'n triath gaisgeanta, fìnealt', og.

Bu leat Clann-Farlain nan sgiath,
 'Bh' aig fear t' aite-sa riamh,
 'S Mac-an-Aba le 'chiad fear mor.

Gur ma sealbhach mar thriath
 Do dheagh mhac air an t-sliabh,
 Ann an duthaich nan cliar r'a bheo.

'Thir a dh' fhuiling am bas.
 'S a dhoirt t' fhuil air ar sgath,
 Na leig mulad gu brath d'a choir.

Modhadh, training, taming. Mil-each, a war-horse. Gorm, denoting the color of horses, dark grey.

It was at one time supposed that the Clan Donnachie, or Robertsons, were descended from Duncan, a natural son of Angus Mor of Islay. The Robertsons have no connection with the MacDonalds. It is fairly certain that they are descended from the old earls of Athole. Duncan, their progenitor, was known as Donnachad Reamhan. He was the son of "Andrew of Athole." He was succeeded by his son Robert, who was succeeded by his son Duncan, who was succeeded by his son Robert. The Robertsons were originally Duncansons, and are still Duncansons, clann-Donnachidh, in Gaelic.

Sir James Macdonald of Sleat died on the 8th of December, 1678.

Oran Do Thriath Ghlinne- Garadh.

'S e mò chion an t-og meanmnach
'Bu shar cheannard nan ceudan ;
Fhuair thu urram fir Alba
Le do dhearbh acfhuinn ghleusda
Mac Moire 'dhion t' anma
Anns gach aona bhall 'san deid thu;
'S na rachadh do mharbhadh
Gun oircheas Mhic De leat.

A shar mharcasich an steud eich
Ur ghleusd air dheagh inneal.
Le acfhuinn mhath sreine,
'S d'a reir sin do stiorap.
'Nuair a rachadh tu 'leum air,
Cha bu reidh dol gad thilleadh;
Spainteach ghasda chruaidh gheur ort.
'S bhiodh ra-treut mar a shirinn.

Beus de bheusaibh a Ghlinnich,
Gun robh sinn' umad eolach,
Nach gabhadh tu giorag;
Naile thilleadh tu 'n torachd.
Bhiodh an t-iubhar ga lubadh
Mar-ri fubhaidh chinn stòraich
Air a leigeadh gu h-ealamh
As na taifeidean corcaich.

Ach, Aonghuis oig Ghlinnich,
Chan 'eil sinn' umad suarach,
'Nuair a thogadh tu 'n iomairt
Bu ghlan do chinneadh ri 'ghluasad.
Gu bheil cuid diu air linne
'N laimh an innein so 'suas thuainn;
Ceud connspunn gun ghiorag
Nach tilleadh le fuathas.

Chan fhuil bhodach no prabair,
 Chan fhuil graisge no tuatha,
 Ach fuil ghlan an Iarl Ilich
 A ta 'direadh ri d' ghruaidhibh. —
 'S car thu mhillidh nan cathan
 A thaobh t' athar coig uairean;
 Dh' fhag sud cruadal 'ad lamhan
 Gus an claidheadh a bhualadh.

Nam biodh maoim air do naimhdean
 Gu do champ' mar bu mhinic,
 Gum biodh cuid d'iu 'nan laighe
 'S gun an lamhan ri 'n slinnein
 'S iad gun chlaiginn, gun chluasan.
 Ach an uairchinn ri sileadh.
 Sgaithteadh 'n casan o 'n cruachanaibh
 Le cruadal a Ghlinnich.

'S mor am muiseag 'san trath so
 Air mo ghradh de na fearaibh,
 Mu 'n tagradh air Cnoideart
 A bhi 'm poca Mhic-Cailain. —
 'S iomadh uisge nach lugha,
 'S nach leigeadh claochhaire thairis,
 As an dug thu do chasan
 Gu coiseachd a dh-aindeoin.

Rud a's mo orm mar chruaidh-chuis
 Ann san uair so 'ga eisdeachd,
 Meud ardain mo chinnidh;
 Dia gan tilleadh gu reite.
 Air bhur tigheinn gu fallain,
 Thugaibh aire do m' sgeul-sa,
 'S fhearr dhuibh dithisd 'san abhainn
 Na 'bhi grathunn bho cheile.

Aimh-reite Chlann-Domhnaill
 Leam 's neo-chomhnard a bheirt e;
 Gun do chuir e orm gruaman
 Coig uairean 's mi 'm chadal.
 'S ann a dh'eirich iad combhla

Leis a mhor fhein so bh' againn,
E-fhein 's 'Onair Sir Seumas
A bha 'reir an aon aignidh.

Ged tha 'Onair Sir Seumas,
Dhuit fhein mar a ta e,
B'ait leam Iarlachd Rìgh Fionna-Ghall
A chluinntinn mar b' ail leam.
Bheirinn bliadhna dhe m' shaogal,
'S gach ni 'dh'fhaotuinn a tharsainn,
'Chionn do choir a bhi sgriobhte
Bho laimh an rìgh gun dad failinn.

Mur bhi cliopaich mo theanga
Dheanainn seanachas mu 'n cuairt duit;
Tha do ranntaichean farsuinn,
A lub thaitneach a chruadail;
Chan 'eil Rothach, no Barrach,
Chan 'eil Gallach, no Tuathach,
Nach bu dleas da 'bhi leatsa,
An am caismeachd na h-uaire,

Gur a farsuinn do ranntachd,
Agus teann-sa ri 'cheile iad;
Gu bhéil cuid diu gu cliuteach
Mu Ruta na h-Eireann,
Is cuid eile 'n Lochabar,
Ma 's a beachdaidh mo sgeul-sa;
'S bu cheud feairrd thu iad agad
An am tapadh nan geur-lann.

Mac Pharlainn 's a chinneadh
Gur leat sin an am t' fheuma;
Is Clann-Donnachaidh bho Atholl
Ged is grathunn bho cheil' iad;
S' gur a leat Mac-an-Aba,
Le 'aitim mhoir mheadhraich,
'S Mac-Laomuinn 's Mac-Lachuinn
Nan glas lannan geura.

'Nuair a dheantadh camp cruinn leibh
 'S neart bhur n-uillnean ri 'chelle,
 Co a b' urrainn dol eadraibh
 'Nuair nach seasadh sibh fhein e?
 Ged tha ro-mheud bhur n-uabhair
 'N diugh 'g ur buaireadh bhò cheile
 'S e 'n t-aon stoc as 'n do ghluais sibh.
 Full uasal Chuinn Cheud-chatbaich.

Co 'ni taice no tabhachd,
 No ni stath dhomh air domhan?
 Ma nitear leat m' fhagall
 Tha mi baite 'm muir dhomhainn.
 Chan 'eil neach 'dheanadh m' eucoir
 No shaltradh ceum ann am ghnòthach.
 Nach tu b' urrainn a reiteach
 Fheadh 's a dh' eireadh tu romham.

'S mi nach iarradh mar bharant'
 'N lathair barra no bine
 Ach Tighearn' og Ghlinne-Garadh,
 Mo dheagh-charaid glan riomhach.
 Sgeul a's mo 'tha mi 'gearan,
 'S tha orm mar anshocair chipntich,
 Gun do shloichd a bhi t' aite
 'Dh-fhios an la' theid ceann crìch' ort.

Oircheas, pity, clemency. Innean, a hill or rock; also an anvil. Prabar, the rabble. Uair chinn, the side of the head. Muiseag, a threat-threatening. Rann, relationship, ancestry, pedigree. Am mor fhear so 'bh' againn, Mont-rose. Iarlachd rìgh Fionna-Ghall, the earldom of Ross.

Angus MacDonald, of Glengarry, was forfeited by Cromwell in 1651. His estate was given to the Marquis of Argyll, who gave it to Sir Ewan Cameron of Lochiel, who gave it to the original

owner. Glengarry claimed the chiefship of the whole of the Clandonald. This led to a dispute with Sir James Macdonald of Sleat.

'S Ann Aig Taobh Beinne Buidhe

'S ann aig taobh Beinne Buidhe
'Sneas a bhuidheann nach gann;
Fir a dheacadh an t-lubhar
S' chutreadh suibhal fo chrann,
S' diombach mise de 'r saothair,
Nuair a dhaom sibh an nall,
Nach deach steach air Gleannaora
'Ghearradh braolag nam beul cam.

Ach a Mhorair chlann Domhnall,
'S fad' do chomhnuidh measg Ghall;
A laelch algeantailch, phrisell,
'Fhiurain rioghail an algh.
Tha fìor mhaise an fhìona
Ad ghruaidh 'dìreadh an aird;
'S tha thu 'shliochd nan trì Cholla
'G am biodh loingeas air sail.

'S truagh nach robh leat na ceadan
De luch-sgeith agus lann,
De na h-oganaich threubhach
'Bhiodh nan leum 'san adbhans.
Bu nì cinnteach r' a eìgheach
Co da 'n eìreadh an call;
'S ann aig geat Ionaraora
Bhiodh na laelch 'dol gu camp.

Rìgh! nach robh iad an gainntir
Lan an teampull de shluagh,
De na Duibhnicheibh lonach;
Is cha b' oìl leinn iad bhuatinn.

'S iomadh claidheabh geur guineacr.
 Laidir ' fulangach, cruaidh,
 'Th 'aig me chinneadh gam feitheamh.
 'S aig clann-Ghilleain nam buadh.

B' fhearr gun digeadh iad fhathas,
 Clann-Ghilleain nan tuagh.
 Cha bhiodh sgian an uchd fraighe,
 'S cha bhiodh claidheabh an truail.
 Bheirteadh mach na h-airm chatha,
 Ann an cabhaig le 'r sluagh;
 'S ged bu ghuineach na Dulbhnich,
 Bhiodh Slol Chaitinn daibh ro chruaidh.

Tha mo run air na gillean
 Leis an cinneadh an t-sealg.
 Dh' eireadh fearg orr' is frioghan
 Dhol an iomairt nan arm;
 Dhol an eall thar na linne
 Leis na fir a bha calm,
 'Thort an duais' do na uaimhdean
 'Chleachd an t-ainneart cho searbh.

A dheacadh an t-iubhar, that would bend the
 yew. Bows were made of yew, arrows gener-
 ally of red-pine. Braoisg, a grin, a distortion of
 the mouth. Fraigh, a cupboard, a shelf,

Ho Ro 's Fada 's Gur Fada.

LUINNEAG.

Ho ro 's fada 's gur fada.
 Is clan fada gu leoir,
 Bhon a chaidh thu air thuras
 'Bhaile Lunnainn nan cleachd.
 Nan cluinneadh tu fathunn
 Bhuainn le rabhadh an eoin,
 Is gun taoighleadh tu 'n rathad
 'S mi nach gabhadh dheth bron.

A dheagh Mhorair Chlann-Domhnail,
 Chum thu chomhall gu duineil,
 Nuair a shaoil an t-Iarl Aorach
 Do chur gun aobhar a Muile.
 Bha thu roimh' 'n Duneldeann
 'S chum thu leagart mu choinnimeh;
 'S gun aon eisein a' t' aigheadh
 Dh' eisd thu chasaid an Lunnainn.

Tha sar phrulp air do chulaobh,
 'S math a b' fhiu dhuit am faighneachd;
 Eoghan Abrach o'n Ghulbsalch,
 Cha doir cubaire greim dheth;
 Is Gilleasbig a Bhraighe
 Gu la bhrath nach bi 'm foill dhuit,
 Mac-Mhic-Iain 'sa chinneadh
 Gun imicheadh 'n oidch' leat.

'S lomad marcalche statall,
 Gar an air mi ach cuid diu;
 Eadar geata chaol Acuin.
 Gu slios Blar nam fear luidneach,
 Mar sin 's gu S' trath-Ardail
 Agus Braighe Bhochuidir,
 Bhiodh a leagadh gu statall
 'N eirig La Toma phubuill.

'S lomad oganach cuimr,
 Laidir, ullamh gu tarruinn,
 Eadar Braigh' uisge Thurraid
 Is Caol Muile nan canach,
 Ghearradh beum le arm guineach
 'S iad ag lomaid do 'n fheamainn,
 Ann an sirig nam muineal
 A chaill full an Airdreanaich.

'S fad on chuala mi seanachas,
 'S mi nam sheana ghullan gorach,
 Greis mun d' chuir mi crios felle
 Os-clonn leine no cota,
 Aig luchd eolais gu soilleir

Anns gach cofninnh is comhall,
Gum bu chairdeach an sloinneadh
Stol Mhoire 's clann-Domhnaill.

Leugart, a siege. Canach, a sturgeon.

In 1676 Lord Macdonell, Sir Ewan Cameron of Lochiel and Archibald Macdonald of Keppoch went to assist the Macleans against the Earl of Argyll. No fighting took place. John Lom expresses regret that the Macdonalds, Camcrons and Macleans did not enter Glenaray to cut the "wry mouths." The Earl of Argyll went to Edinburgh and thence to London to seek aid from the government against the Macleans and their allies. Lord Macdonell followed him. In February 1676 the matters in dispute between the Earl of Argyll and the Macleans were remitted to three lords of the privy council of Scotland for adjudication. The final result was that the Macleans of Duart were deprived of their lands; the Earl of Argyll got possession of them.

Oran.

DO MHORAIR GHLINNE-GARADH.

Cha b' e bas mo cheann-cinnidh
'Chuir mifein gu trom iomaire,
Ach gun t'olghre 'bhi 't ionad nuair dh' eug thu.

'M fear mor curanta, laidir,
'Bh' aig gach duine mar sgathan,
Bha na laighe gun chainnt an Duneideann.

Gun do charadh 'san talamh
M fear a chum ri Mac-Callein;
Bu tu 'n urrainn a chasadh na sreine.

Thug thu Cnoideart dheth 's tuilleadh,
'S lagh an rìgh air do mhuineal,
'S sheas thu roimh' ann am Mulle le d' threun
fhir.

Rinn Mac-Coinnich Cheanntaile
Is Mac-Shimi na h-Airde
Garbh choinneamh gu sathadh le cheil' ort.

Ach nuair chunnaic na seoid ud
Gum biodh cunnart sa chomhail,
'S ann a b' fhearr leo gu mor a bhí reidh riut.

Marbhrann do Mhorair Ghlinne- Garadh.

'S beag an t-ionghnadh mi 'liathadh,
'S i so bhladh' a bhuail brog orm.

'N diu 's mi 'gabhair an rathaid
'S trom a thathaich de bhron orm.

Gun do chaochail mi cruiltheachd,
Dh' fhag mo spionnadh 's mo threoir mi.

Gur h-i dileab na dunaich'
'Tha mi 'buntuinn 'am phocaid.

A ghrabhat 'bha mu d' mhuineal,
'S tric i cruinneachadh dheoir orm.

Dh' fhag mi taisgt' an Duneideann
Na sgar o cheile mo mhorchuis.

An ciste chumhainn nan slios-bhord
Fo llic nan stol reota;

Fo chasan luchd-bhriogais;
Gur h-e mise 'th' air mo leonadh.

'S ann a thog thu 'n tur dealbhach
Goirid gearr o Loch-Lochaidh.

Chunnaic mis' Inbhir-Gharaich
Muirneach, aighearach, ceolmhor.

Bhiodh an cup ann ad chearr-laimh
Is e dearlan gu dortadh.

Nuair a chuir' an lan strachd air,
Gum b'e 'm fath 'chumail comhnard.

'S tha 'nis do thalla mor greadhnach
Gun solus coinne, gun cheol ann;

Is do sheomraichean geala
Gun smuld, gun deathach, gun cheo dhiu.

Lord Macdonell died in 1682.

Cumha do Ghilleasbig Na Ceapich.

Moch Disathuirn', mo bheud!
Ghluais geur chlaideabh fo m' sgeith;
'S tric leam caradh nan treith fo 'n fhoild.

Tha leann dubh air mo chradh,
'Chuir mo shugradh gu iar,
Ged is subhaltach each ag ol.

Me cheann-taighe 'n robh feum,
Dha 'n robh labhairt le ceill,
Tha na shineadh fo dhelle bhord;

'N ciste ghuibhais chaoll, bhain,
'N deidh a h uidheam aig cach,
An taigh-fiodha fo bhlath nan ord.

Nuair a bhiodh tu 'n Loch-Treig,
Bu dluth tholladh tu beinn;
Bu tu marbhalch' an eisg le leis;

Agus coisich' a chairn,
Lels an cinneadh an t-sealg,
'Bheireadh full air damh nan croc.

Nuair a bha thu gu tinn,
Gun robh t' aigheadh air leinn
Mar bha aigheadh is inntinn Iob.

Bha do lamhan a suas,
'N deidh do labhairt 'thoirt bhuait,
Ris an Athair 's ri Uan na gloir.

Nuair a ranig mi 'chruach,
Bha mi 't ionndraichinn bhuam;
Bha do mhulad a tuairgheadh orm.

Cha bu spullear air sluagh
Dha 'n do ruisgeadh an ualgh;
Bha mo dhiubhall air ghuallnibh sloigh.

Tha do chinneadh gu leir
Lan de thiomadh ad dheidh,
'Mhic an fhir o Loch-Treig an fheoir.

'S lomadh laoch bu ghlan fiamh
'Bh' air a Cheapich mar thriath;
Gaisgich chalma 'bhiodh dian 'san toir.

Fuireach Raonull bho 'n tìr
Cuis bu mhisid' sinn gar dith,
Chuir sud m' aigheadh a sios trath-noin.

'S ann an torachd nan each
Dh' fhag mi 'n t-og a b' fheari dreach;
Cha do dhìobair a chlach an t-ord.

Chuir mi ceannard an t-sluaigh,
 Le dha leanabh,'san uaigh,
 Fath mo ghearrain 's mi fuasgladh dheoir.

'S ann na shineadh san allt
 Bha ceann-taighe mo ghraidh,
 Ged a thuit tha le dearmad leo.

A Cholla cuimhnich 's gach gnìomh
 Cliu do shìnnse bho chian;
 Seas do rìgh, agus Dia, 's a choir

The 13th, 14th, 15th and 16th verses may or may not belong to the poem. The 13th verse refers to Raonull Og, and the 14th verse to his son Angus. It is said that 15th and 16th verses also refer to Angus. They may; still 15th verse may refer to Donald Glas and his murdered sons, while the 16th may refer to Alasdair Buidhe, who was drowned in the Spean ! It is likely that some will be ready to say that John Lom would never refer to Donald Glas's sons as "da leanabh." The word leanabh is sometimes applied to a person under the age of twenty-one, or a minor. Raonull na Sgeithe speaks of Ailain Muideartach as a "leanabh" at the battle of Rinrory or Killiecrankie. Allan was at that time about nineteen years of age.

Oran Do Mhac-Gilleán Dhu- bhairt.

Mur bhl 'n abhainn air fas oirnn,
'S tuil air eirigh 's na h-athan,
Bhithinn latha roimh chach air a chomhdhall.
Mur bhl, &c.

'S bochd an eiridinn paisde,
Nuair a bhual an lot bails e,
Bhl gun cheirein, gun phlasda, gun theoirnein.

'Sann de'n choinnimh a 's míosa,
'N garadh-droma air bristeadh
Mar gum pronnadh sibh sligean le ordaibh.

'S ann de dh' fhortan bhur cuise,
Ma 's e 'n tore 'th' oirbh a mulseag,
Gun deid stopadh na mulre 'na phoraibh.

Tha scriob gheur nam peann gearra
'Cumail díon' air Mac-Callein,
'S e cho briathrach ri parrald 'na chomhradh.

Thug sibh bhuaidhne le spleadhan
Eilean lle ghlaís, laghalch,
Is Cinntire le 'mhaghannan gorma.

Ghlac an sionnach greim teanchrach
Air deagh chinneadh mo sheanmhar;
'S lag an iomairt ge h-ainmeil an seots' iad.

Dh fhalbh bhur cruadal 's bhur gaisge,
Le Eachann Ruadh 's le Sir Lachinn,
'Th' anns an uaigh far 'n do thaisgeadh 'san
t-srol iad.

'S Lachinn Mor a thuair urram,
Chaidh a bhualadh an Gruineart,
Cha dugt' uachd'ranachd Mhulle ri 'bheo dheth.

Is math mo bharail is m' earbsa,
 Mur a roghainn gun dearmad,
 Nach bu chladhaire eearbach Fear Bhrolais.

'N eaglais I Chalum Chille,
 Tha suinn chrodha gun tioma
 'Chaisgeadh doruinn 'sa thilleadh an torachd.

'S n.eor gum b' fheirde dream fiata
 Nan each seang-fhada fiadhich
 Eoghan Abrach Loch-Iall agus Lochidh.

Eiridinn, a nursing of, or attending on, the
 sick. Cefrein, a poultice. Feirnein, a pile of
 grass. Muire, the leprosy. Spleadhan, false-
 hoods, fictions. Teanchair, a vice.

Tuaineal a Chnatain ;

ORAN DO SHIR EOGHAN LOCH-IALL.

Cha b' e tuaineal a chnatain
 'Chuir mi 'm dhusgadh 'sa mhaduinn,
 Ach an tuchan 's 'tha 'marcachd air m' fheilthibh.

Fear do chelle bhl 'n Sasunn,
 Gun fhios nach b'eigheach a bheirt e,
 Ma thig eug ort an talce righ Seurlas,

A chraobh stailinn chruaidh, chullinn,
 'Chaidh air saile bhualinn do Lunnainn;
 'S tearc mo ghair' gus an cluinnear deagh sgeul
 ort.

Do thigh 'nn fallain, slan, bhualthe,
 Mar ruaig falieg bharr cruadhlaich,
 No bho gharadh a ghualt 's nam balg-seididh.

Dh' fhalbh Mac-Callain, fear-buairidh,
 Le sac gearrain do thuailleas,
 Chur a' gherain an clusaidh Righ Seurlas.

Ged a scriobteadh leat Mulle,
 Bhiodh tu 'g iarridh gu tuilleadh,
 'Chur robh 'm bliadhna 's an uiridh cho reidh
 dhutt.

'S iomad talgheadas orail,
 Muirneach, alghearach, ceolmhor,
 A greas t' athair gu foirinn na deirce;

Dh 'an robh beathachadh boldheach,
 'Tha 'n diugh ga chaitheamh mu d' bhord sa;
 Cleas na fatha 'eur fo a cheart elgin.

Cleas a bhaigeir mhoir laidir
 'Rinn a shaidseach a charadh,
 Le's gach baidreig a thahadh ri chelle.

Ach b'ait leam Duibhnich 'san dranndail,
 Iad fo dhrulm an Tuir Fhrangich,
 Agus culbhreach ro theann air am feithibh.

'S maig a dhuisgeadh a chadal
 'N iaoch nach mucteadh le bagradh
 'S e borb, ardanach, acuinneach, gleusta.

Ghabh thu 'bhraid air do mhuineal,
 Nach gabhadh each orra 'chunnart,
 'Thoir do chairdean a tonnaibh na feithe,

'Eoghin oig Thorr-a-chalstell,
 Rinn thu choir mar mo bheachd-sa;
 Thog thu cro agus geata nach leum iad.

Thog thu bard ann an Dubhairt,
 Streap thu 'm barr croinne glubhis,
 Leat bu mhiann a bhi 'n cruitheachd an dreu-
 gain.

Thog thu 'n t-srol-bhratach bhuidhe
 Os-clonn stol nam pic iubhair;
 Caol chorcach an slubhal gach te dhiubh.

Nam biodh a chuis mar a theirinn,
 Bhiodh tu d' dhiuc thar nan eilain;
 Leat bu mhiann a bhi d' speireig 'sna speuralbh.

Is ann latha Sron-Nibhels,
 Bu droch cocalre gill 'thu;
 Chuir thu spogan air bhioraibh, 's dhroch-
 ghreidh thu.

Thug thu faragradh fairge
 Do luchd nam falluinean dearga;
 Bha ruith fala 'bha searbh chaibh mu 'n sleis-
 dibh.

Fhuair thu garbh-bhata cullinn,
 'Cheud la dhearbh thu bhi 'd dhuine,
 Mun d' fhas calg ort de dh-fhionnadh no 'dh-
 fheusaig.

Cha bu shugradh do sheana-choin
 An cnalmh smuals 'thoirt a d' dhream-chraos,
 Nuair a theannadh tu teanchair do dheudich.

Cha bu shugradh do sgolteir
 Dol a dhr-inndan ri d' choileir,
 Nuair a thionndadh tu chorr-fhiacail gheur ris.

Le luchd nam feadan dubh-ghorm,
 D' am bu fhreagarrach fudar,
 'Nuair a spreigeadh na h-uird ri spuir gheura;

'Bhetread dusgadh le an-lochd
 Air garbh udlaich' an langain,
 Triath ard stucach, mor, eangach an t-sleibhe.

Bhiodh an t-suil, air neo 'n t-eanchinn,
 Mu dhetredh drughadh bhuir n-earrich:
 Cha bhi mis ga sheanachas na's leir dhomh.

Falasg, a moor-burning Foirinn, aid, help.
 Fath, a mole. Braid, a collar. Bard, a dyke or
 fence, a garrison. Saidseach, a beggar's mantle.
 Faragradh, a bathing, a floundering. Udlaiche,
 a stag. Stucach, surly. Eangach, nimble-
 footed.

Biodh an Uidheam so Triall.

Biodh an uidheam so 'triall
Gu ceann-uidhe nan clìar,
Far 'm bu chuibhe 's 'm bu mhlann le 'r seold.

Gu tur meadhrach neo chrìon
Nan cinn-fheadhna 's glan lìomh,
A chuir ghreadhnach bho 'n rìoghail glòir.

Bha mi fada mu thuath;
Gun d' lion fadaohd mi 's gruaim;
Cha bu chadal domh uair air choir.

Bheir mi 'n ruathar so null
'Shealltainn oighre Dhuntullm;
Gum meal thu 'n staoileadh bho thus ri d' bheo.

uchair gliocais nach bath,
'Chuir do fhradharc thar chaich;
'S tu a thaghainn de 'n al s' tha beo.

B' fhearail t' fhaicinn air sraid
Le d' chiabh-fhalt bachlach gu lar;
Ur la maiseach 's neo-thaireil oirnn.

Macail, maighdeanail, ur,
Faicheil, faidhreachail, ciuin,
Marcaich' greadhnach nan cru-each gorm.

Bhiodh eich sheanga nan leum,
'Dol nan deannaibh 'san reis,
'S fir a sreamadh nan sreìn 'r' am beoil.

Mach o Mhorair nan steud,
Le 'n cluinnt' oragan nan teud,
'S tu a b' fhoirmelle beus trath-nòin.

Leat a dh' eireadh na laich :-
Do shluagh fhein bhiodh ri d' thaobh;
Sud na treun-fhir nach maom san toir.

Mac-Mhic-Ailein o 'n chuan,
Le luingeas daraich lom, luath;
Luchd nan leadan le 'm buailtheadh stroic.

Mac-Mhic-Alasdair treun
Bho Gleann-Garadh nan geug;
Buidheann bharrail nach geill fo sgod.

Bu leat Banaich bho thuath,
Clann-Ghillandrais nan tuagh.
Agus Rothaich le 'm buailtibh bho.

Bu leat buidheann mo ruin,
Air nach laigheadh mi-chliu,
Thig le Alasdair uiseil. og.

Is fir Eirinn a risd.
'Chuir thu fein air do thi;
'S iad a dh' eireadh le strith mu d' dhorn.

Clair, a brave man. Faicheil, stately. Faidhreachail, showy. Stroic for strac, a blow. Sgod, command, rule. Uiseil, courteous, dignified. Oighre Dhuntuil, Macdonald of Sleat. Morair nan steud, either the Marquis of Huntly or Glengarry. Clann-Ghillandrais, the Rosses. Alasdair Og, apparently Alexander Robertson of Strowan, who was born about 1636. The Clan Donnachie fought with great bravery under Montrose. They were commanded by Donald, Alexander's uncle. Morair nan steud, either Lord Macdonell or the Marquis of Huntly.

Oran do Mhac-Dhomhnaill Shleite.

A bhean leasich an stop dhuinn,
'S lion an cupa le solas.
Ma 's a branndi no beoir i,
Tha mi toileach a h-ol
An deoch 's air Caiptin Chlann-Domhnaill.
An triath aigeantach og' 'thig o 'n chaol.

M fear nach duraichd a h-ol.
 Gun tuiteadh 'n t-suil air a bhord as.—
 Tha mo dhurachd do 'n oigear
 Crann eubhraidh Chlann-Domhnaill;
 Rìgh nan dul bhigad chomhnadh 'thir chaoimh

Greas mu 'n cuairt feadh an taigh' i,
 'Chum 's gun gluaisinn le aighear,
 Le shìochd naibhreach an athar
 'Choisinn buaidh leis a chlaidheabh;—
 Fìon ga ruagadh 's ga cha'itheamh gu daor.

Sar fhear-marcachd nan steud thu,
 'Dh' fhas gu flatasach, feilidh,
 De shìochd gasda Chuinn cheutaich,
 A bha tathaich an Eirion;
 Ged 'fhuair an claidheabh 's an t-eug oirbh
 sgrìob.

Bhiodh an t-iubhar ga lubadh
 Aig do fhleasgaichean ura,
 Dhol a shiubhal nan stuc-bheann,
 Anns an uighe, gun churam,
 Lets a bhuidhinn roimh 'n ruisgteadh na gill.

Tha mo dhuil anns an Trianaid,
 Nach dig laigsinn air t' fhìon-fhuil;—
 Slat thu 'n chuileann bha ciatach,
 'Dh' fhas gu furanach, flalaidh,
 'Sheasadh duineil air bialaobh an rìgh.

'Nam dhuit gluasad o t' a'tribh,
 Le d' cheol cluais' agus caismeachd,
 Roimh fhir uasal nan glas-lann,
 Dha 'n robh cruadal is gaisge,
 B' e do shuaineas barr gaganach fraoich.

'N am cur t' inbhraich air doigh dhuit,
 Le croinn ghasda 's le corcaich,
 Bhiodh an comhlan 'bu bhoiche
 'G iomairt chleusan gu h-eolach,
 Seal mu 'n togt' oirre ro-scol bho thir.

Nuair a chairteadh fo luchd i;
 Bhiodh tarruinn suas air a cupuill,
 Bord a fuairidh 's ruith enp air,
 'Tuinn ri fuaigheil a fliuch-bhuird,
 Sruth mu guailibh 's i suchte le gaoith.

Shliochd nan curaidhnean talmhaidh,
 Leis 'n do chulreadh cath Garbhaich,
 Air an turas 'bha ainmeil.—
 Fhuair mi urrad de 'r seanachas
 'S gun robh taigh is leth Alba fo 'r eis.

'S iomad neach a fhuair coir uaibh
 Ann san am ud le goraidh.
 B' ann diu Rothaich is Rosaich,
 Is Clann-Choinnich 's n Leodaich,
 Mac-Gilleain o 'n Dreolluinn 's Mac-Aoidh.

Sliochd nam milidh bha fearail,
 Luchd nam pios 's nan cup geala
 'Thogadh sìoda ri crannaibh,
 'S a bhiodh dileas 'sà charraid;
 Bhiodh pic riomhach nam meallan 'na teinn.

B' e bbur suaicheanta; taitneach,
 Leoghann colgarra, spracail,
 Long nan ard chrann is bradan
 Air chuan liobharr' an aigeil,
 'S an lamh dhearg roimh na gaisgich nach tiom.

An Duntuilm nam fear fallain,
 Gum bu ghreadhnach luchd-ealaidh,
 'Gabhail failte le caithrim,
 As na claisichean glana,
 Do mhnaoi oig nan teud bassala, binn.

Nuair bu sgith de luch-theud sibh,
 Gheibht' am Bioball ga leughadh,
 Le flor chreideamh gu ceillidh,
 Mar a dh' ordaich Mac De dhuibh;
 'S ghabhteadh teagasg na cleir' leibh le sith.

'Mhic Shìr Seumas nan bratach,
O bun Sleite nam bradan,
A ghlac cèile na maise,
Cum an reit' air a casan,
Bì gu reusonta, macanta, min.

Gum a slàn 's gum a h-ìomhlan
Annas gach nì a' s fearr iomradh
Do theaghlach rìgh Fìonnaghal.
Oighre dlùicheach Dhuntuilim thu,
'S olar deoch air do chuirn gun bhì sgith.

The foregoing song was composed about Sir Donald Macdonald of Sleat. Sir Donald married, in 1662, Mary, daughter of Robert Douglas, third Earl of Morton. It will be noticed that the poet does not speak of Sir Donald as the chief or ceann-cinnidh of the Macdonalds; he styles him their captain.

Oran do Mharcus Atholl.

Slàn gun dìth dhuit, a Mharcus,
Direach, maiseach, gun chromadh;
Da shuill ghorm fo d' chaol mhala,
Nach d' fhas balachail, bronnach.
Cheart cho cinnteach sam bas,
Ged tha thu, 'n drast as an t sealladh,
Gu bheil mulad fo 'd chliabh ort
Mu bhas triath Ghlinne-Garadh.

B' fheumail dhuinn' e 'n am muilg,
Le beachd mo shul gur mi chunnaic.
Cha robh againn de sgathan
Ach greasaid trath do 'n talgh-ghrunnailch,

Aisling cuid mar an durachd,
Bha mi-run ac' do 'n duin' ud
Ged bu ladarna 'n culchaint,
Stad a chuis air an lomall.

Cha b' e aingeachd na tuatha
'Ghluais am Marcus le 'dhaolne.
'S ann a thog e a bhratach
'G iarraidh smachd air luchd aobhair.
Fhuair thu luchair na corach
Gu t' ordagh le d' dhaolne;
Agus fosgladh gach caistell
Bha fo smachd an Iarl' Aorach.

Gheill Dunsta'n nìs grad dhuit,
Innis fharsuinn nam faochag,
Ged bu'daingean a chlachan
Fhuair thu steach air bheag saothreach.
Cha robh cuillbheir caoll gluce,
No gunna praise gun sgaoileadh,
Bho Innis Chonnain nan canach
Gu ruig ball' Ionaraora.

'S Ard-Liftenant o 'n rìgh thu
Thug thu sgrìob 'dh-Earraghaldeal;
Bu leat Tairbeart 's Cìntire,
'S gach aon nì bha 's gach aith dhiu;
Agus Ile, bheag, riabhach
Mu 'n tadh a mhuir shal'each.
'S goit a chnead a tha 'm chliabh-sa,
Fhad 's bha 'n t fasad gun phalgheadh.

Tighearn' og Ghlinne-Garadh
Cha bhi falach a ruin ort;
Oighr' an duin' e 'tha maireann,
'S e ar caraid e duballt.
Chan fheil neach air an talamh
Nì ar sgradh o chulaobh,
Bhiodh sìol Chu'n nìs leas gu daingeann,
Ged bhiodh falachd a chruin ris.

'S e do charid mor dealaidh
 Mac-Mhic Allein a Muldeart,
 'S Mac-Mhic Raonuill na Ceapich,
 Le 'fhir dheasa nach dluitadh.
 'S iad nach cuirleadh cainb shalach
 No talbhaid ealamh ri cul-chrann,
 'Bheireadh beum air a h-athlorg
 Fhad's a mbaireadh dhaibh fubhaidh.

'S leat Clann-Iain o 'n Innein,
 Dream nach tilleadh le gealtachd;
 Bhiodh an claidhean air mhìre
 Anns an ioma-t ri casgairt.
 'S leat Mac-Laomuinn 's Mac-Lachinn,
 'S Mac-an-Ab' o Ghleanndochairt,
 Is Mac-Neachdainn 's Mac-Dhughail,
 'S Mac-Iain-Stiubhairt o 'n Apunn.

Is beag t' aobhar 'bhi fiamhach
 An taobh shìos do Bhuatha,
 Ged theid Duibhnich gu 'n dìchioll,
 Is gu dlideann a chlaidhibh.
 'S iomadh triath 'bhiodh san strìth leat,
 Cheart cho cinnteach ri saighead.
 'S leat Mac-Fhionghain an t-Sratha
 Agus da Mhac-Gilleain.

'S fhearr leam fhaicinn na chluinntinn,
 Gun d' stad a chuing air am muineal.
 'Nìs on thionndaidh a chuibhle,
 'S fad bhios Duimhnich gun urram.
 Ged a shaoil le Mac Caillein
 E bhi na bharan air Mùile.
 B' fhearr dha 'chumail na bh' aige
 Na bhi 'g agraadh air tuilleadh.

Nam biodh fear a bheoll mhoir ann,
 Bho nach doirteadh gloir bhreamais,
 Naille chailleadh sibh geoidh ris,
 Nach deant' a rostadh ri teine.

Fhuair sibh sgapadh nan caorach
 Nam biodh a dhaoibh air an talamh;
 'S ged a ghlac sibh le foill e,
 'B e-fhein an saighdear 'bu ghlaine.

Gur mairg a dh' earbadh a cairdeas
 Neach a dh' fhas air an t-sloinneadh,
 Nam blodh cuimhn' air an lath' ud
 Fhuair iad t' athair fo 'n comas.
 Chuir iad smuid ri tuir arda
 Chaistell Bhlaire gu gle shoilleir.
 'S beag bha dhochas an la sin
 Gum blodh iad paighte na chomair.

'S mor tha eadar dha latha,
 Ged bha e grathunn gun tighinn.
 Chaidh thu 'n cuirt na bu leatha
 An deidh t' athar a mhilleadh.
 Gun aon bhuille le claidheach,
 Gun sathadh eglene no blodalg;
 Mar gum bathadh tu coinnlean,
 Chail e oighreachd 's a chinneadh.

'S beag a b' fhlach do 'n triath Mhoireach
 'Dhol 'nur coinnleach ach ainneamh,
 No a ghabhall mar chompach
 'M fear le 'n geallt' bhi na charaid
 Air a chomasdair Stuibhart
 'S trom a bhruchd na fir charach,
 Chuir sibh 'n ceann deth gun sgrubadh,
 'S gum bu ghulneach bhuir n' aniochd.

Buail na treudan gu sealbhach,
 'S na deun searbh iad gun bhinneas,
 'S na doir t' aghaidh gu cearbach
 Do 'n fhear nach earb thu ri d' shleinninn.
 Ma chuir an righ an t-slat sgiursaidh
 'N glaic do dhuirn gun a cireadh,
 Uair mu seach aig an fhuirneis,
 Mar bhuill' uird air an innein.

Gloir do 'n Rìgh th' air a chathair,
 'S aobhar aighir is solais
 Mar a thachair do 'n Iarla
 'Chleachd cho iargalt' a a chumhachd,
 Ma 's e droch-bheairtean Iudais
 'Dh' fhuaigh an shid air an Lunnainn,
 Chaill e 'n luireach 's na breidean,
 Is gach eideadh 'bha ulme.

'N euala sibhse 'san duthaich
 An ranntar-buth' 'bh' aig na luchaidh,
 'S iad a cruinneachadh ri 'cheile
 'Nan droch reiseamaid churta.
 Nuair bha eagal a chait orr',
 Chaidh droch sgapadh an cuid diu;
 'S a bheisd mhor 's an robh phlaigh dhiu,
 Sgrois gun agh oirr, gun fhurtachd.

Nuair a labhair Dubh 'n Amraidh,
 'Bheist ghrannud 's a chrain mhullaich,
 Cha robh 'n sabhal no 'n ath dhiu
 Biasd le h-al nach do chruinnich.
 Nuair bha 'm mod 'g 'ur cruaidh sharach'
 'S na cuid ri 'm fàsgadh mu 'r muineil,
 'S ann an sin a bha 'n gatar
 Co a charadh iad umaibh.

Nuair bha 'n ad oirbh an uiridh,
 Bha sibh urranta, straicell;
 'M bliadhna chaill sibh an currachd,
 'S feumair fuireach gle shamhach.
 Chail an t-Iarl air bhur turas
 Mhead 'sa bhuinlg e mhal oirbh;
 Ach cha b' fhlach leis an duin' ud
 A bhi cruinneachadh chamhaig.

B' ole a b' fhlach do dh-Iarl Atholl
 'Dhol an' coinnimh rint Eirdsi,
 'N deidh latha Roinn-Liothunn;
 Thug sibh locshlaint mar earlas.

Mheall sibh 'null thar na h-abhunn
 Iarla Atholl 's a bhrathair;
 Chuir sibh 'n laimh an toll-buth iad,
 'S loisg sibh duthach Iarl' Earlaidh.

Tha do thiodalan lionmhor,
 'Cumail dion air do chairdean.
 Tha, thu 'd mhareus am bliadhna,
 'S gur tu Iarl Thulaich-Bheardainn.
 Geard an rìgh tha fo t' ordagh,
 'S thu 'd mhorair Ghlinn-Amuin.
 'S ged a dheanadh iad diuc dhlòt
 Bu mhath 'b' fhu thu an t-aite.

Ranatar-buth, a wild confused dance. Curta,
 bad, infamous. Amraidh, a cupboard.

In July, 1640, the Earl of Argyll plundered the Earl of Airly's lands and destroyed his castle, the bonnie house of Airly. Shortly afterwards he captured by stratagem John, first Earl of Athole of the Murray family, and sent him to prison in Edinburgh. The Earl of Athole died in June, 1642. He was succeeded by his son, John. John, second Earl of Athole, was appointed Captain of the King's Guards in 1670, created Marquis of Tullibardine in 1676, and appointed Lord-Lieutenant of the County of Argyll in 1681.

Archibald, ninth Earl of Argyll, was condemned to death in 1681, on the groundless charge of high treason. He

escaped from prison and fled to Holland. He took part in Monmouth's rebellion in 1685. He was captured by a man named Riddell on the banks of the Clyde, and sent to Edinburgh, where he was beheaded June 30th, 1685. One cannot wonder that the Campbells detested Riddell just as much as John Lom detested Macleod of Assynt.

Oran.

Airfeachd Rìgh Seumas a gluasad gu blar,
Raon-Ruari.

'S mithich dhuinn mearsadh 'nis as an tìr so,
Bhon chuir sinn dìth air feòil nam mart.
N deidh a bhl 'n ordagh tamull le 'r mor-shulagh
Dh' innich ar n-olgrìdh bhualinn am mach.
'Chuillein ghrinn oig, ma tha thusa leoint',
Gun seall an Rìgh Mor riut anns gach beirt.
Air maduinn Dimairt 's ann thoisich am mear-
sadh,

'S facal gach seiridsin 'ruith oirnn mu seach.

A'g leth-taobh an t-saile tharruinn na h-armuinn
'Suas 'nam bragadaibh dan' gu ro cheart;
Mu bheul an anmoich shuidhich sinn campa,
'S dh' imich ar ceannard bhualinn am mach.
Facal ar Colrìnn ri Sir Domhnall
Mar ri ar n-ordagh 'bhl 'n ar glaic;—
"Na leigibh bonn dail' an seasamh a gheird
Is cumailbh 'ur naimhdean bhualibh am mach."

Bu fhlluch a mhaduinn a thog sinn ar breacain,
'S a chaidh sinn air astar gus an taigh 'd an robh
chairt

Nuair 'rinn sinn eirigh gu 'n d' rinn sinn ar
n-eideadh,

Is chaidh sinn 'n ar leum fo na cnapannan saic.
'Sbu lughaid ar n-airtneal nuair 'thanig am
feasgar,

Nuair 'loisgeadh an lasag 'bu lionmhor srad;
Bho cheann Loch-Iall gu n d' rinn sinn triall,
'S nuair chrom a ghrian gun d' rinn sinn stad.

Aig ceann Loch-Lochaidh shuidhich sinn campa,
La roimh Dhiidomhnaich 's da la 'na dheidh;
Chruinnich ar cairdean uil' air an laraich,
'S thog iad an lamhan an lathair Mhic De.
Bu bheag anspais do dh-airgid no spreidh,
'S gun d' fhag sinn 'n ar deidh ar mnathan 's ar
clann;

'Cheart aindeoin gach lochd, ged ebluirt' againn
corp,

Cha dean sinn boun clos gus an cosgrar leinn
Goill.

Labhair an Greumach, fear an deugh nadair,
'Chlanna nan Gaidheal, na fatceam bhur
gruaim;

Togalbh 'ar n-inntinn, thanig an tim dhuibh,
'S mithich dhuinn mearsadh 'n tìr so shuas.
Dh' fhalbh sinn am mach gu h-inntinneach.
statail,

Gus an do ranaig sinn braighe Ghlinn-Ruaidh,
'Mach ri Gleann-turaid 's monadh 'sin Dhru-
mainn,

Dh' imich gach duine 'bha guineach 'san ruaig.

'Mach monadh Dhruim Uachdair dh' imich na
h-uaislean

A bu mhor cruadal is 'bu bheag sgios;

Nualr 'ranig sinn Atholl cha d' fhuair sinn ach
mnathan;

Chaidh fir as an rathad mu 'n gabhteadh dhiu
eis.

'N deidh mheadhon latha 's sinn a falbh air ar
n-athais

Air leth-taobh na h abhunn ghabh sinn a sios;
Thanig marcach steach air beulaobh na glae
'Dh' inns' gun danig am prasgan 's an Coirneal
Mac-Aoidh.

B' aithghearr an cellidh rinn mulantir Rìgh
Seumas,

Leth-taobh an t-sleighe ghabh iad a suas;

Bu shiubhlach fallùs a sios gach mala

A dìreadh a bhealalch an taobh mu thuath.

Ceannard na buidhne dh' imich roim 'mhuinntir,

Pairte de ar n-ionndrainn e a bhi uainn.

B' aigeannach sporsall aigeadh Chlann-Domh-
naill,

Ged fhuair iad an leonadh bu deonach leo 'n
uair.

Ghluais gach fine gun tlaths, gun tiomadh,

Gun sgath, gun ghiorag 'rian ionadaibh fein;

Chaidh sinn gu statail 'm broilleach ar namhaid,

'S cha tilgteadh crann saithe an la sin gun
fheum.

Aig deireadh an latha gun d' tharruinn sinn
claidheabh;

Bha toiseach ar sgathaidh 'n am laighe do 'n
ghrein.

'Cheart cindeoin an sparraidh, ge bu laidir am
barail,

Gun chaill iad am fearann 's an t-anam 'da
dheidh.

A cheannaird an algh gun d' thuit thu sa bhlar,
'S bu sgathach do lamh gus an danig an uair.

'S e do bhas a Dhundithe 'dh' fhag ormsa trom
lighe,
'Chuir toll an am chridhe 's dh' fhag snigh' air
mo ghruaidh.
Bu bheag airson t' eirig na thuit de na beisdean
An cogadh Rìgh Seumas, ged dh-eirich leinn
buaidh.
Ach sgapadh nan cuileag air muinntir Rìgh
Uilleam;
Tha slane fòmhulad ged chuir sinn iad bhualann.
Coirneal Ram-aidh bu mhor bha anntlachd
Ann an am bhl 'tighinn a steach
Bha slane cho aingidh, 's guineach gu 'r nalmh-
dean,
Greim air Gall cha leigeamid as.
A Choirneil Bhalfuir, a dhuinne gun dlu,
Fhuair thus' tha mi 'n duil na dh' iarradh tu 'n
chath;
Bhrìst iad do chrun is t' ad air do shuillean,
'S ghearr iad do bhualann air eulaobh do chas.

Lieutenant Donald Campbell, author of "The Language, Poetry and Music of the Highland Clans," had a fuller and better version of the foregoing song than the one given above. It is to be feared, however, that it has been lost. The song is generally ascribed to John Lom. I have heard it asserted, however, that it was his son that composed it.

Raon-Ruari.

An aithne an aithne mi tu,
Air a mheanmn' so 'tha 'm run,
Chan f' so'n aithne mu'n duin an ceitein oirnn.

Nach fhaic sibh loingean an rìgh
 Cur an eòlaidh gu tìr,
 Chan e'n t-Uilleam tha mi cho deidheil air.

Ach Rìgh Seumas 's a shìol
 A dh'ordich Dia gus ar dìon;
 Cha rìgh laisd d'am fìach dhuinn geilleachdinn.

Ach mar dìg thu air ball
 'S do leintean crìosa gan call,
 Is ceud misde leam thall 'san Elpheit thu.

An comunn eògallteach, tlath,
 'Shuidh an ionad nan stait
 Mar cho-mheata chuir Satan seula riu.

Paca sligheach nan cealg
 D'am bu dligheach a mheirg,
 Dhùbh am fìtheach le saighar eucòir sibh.

Cha b'e 'm brathadair coir
 'Bha cur gabhail fo'n fhoid,
 Ach fear an taigh' nach bu choir 'bu pheucan
 daibh.

Ann sa bheilte bheag og
 'Bha fo bhaile Mhic-Dheors',
 Gur a h-ìomad fear sroil 'bha reubte ann.

'S ìomad biorraid is gruag
 'Bha gan spealtadh mu'n cnuac,
 Bha full dhathte'na stuaidh air fear am muigh.

Fhuair sibh deannal sa choill
 Bho chruaidh lannaibh Shìol Chuinn,
 'Chuir 'nur dennalbh thar talm trom-chreuch-
 dach sibh.

An Raon-Ruari nam bad
 'S lìonmhor uaigh is corp rag,
 Mìle sluasid is calb' gan leidigeadh.

A shar Chleibhirs nan each,
 Bu cheann-feadh'n' thu air feachd,
 Mo chreach leir an tus gleachd mar dh'èirich
 dhuit.

Bu lasair theine dhaibh t' fhearg,
 Gus an d'èirich 'mi-shealbh;
 Bhuall am pelleir fo earball t' eildidh thu.

Bu mhor cosgradh do lamh
 Fo aon chlogaide ban,
 'S do chorp nochduldh, geal, dan, gun eideadh
 air.

Cha robh eascarid suas
 Eadar Arcamh is Tuaid,
 Mur bhi 'n tacaid a bhuall san eudann thu.

'Nuair bhruchd t' ualslean am mach,
 Cha sgaoth bhuachailleann mhart,
 Ach luchd-bua'adh nan cnap gu speireadal';

Air a bhruthach a stad
 Os-clonn dubhar nam bad,
 Luchd cur 'nan slubhal gu grad nan eucorach.

Clann-Domhnall an aigh,
 Luchd a chonnsach' gach blair;
 Cha do ghabh iad riamh sgath roim reubaltich.

Is lionmhor spalpalre dian
 'Bha fo d' bhratich 'dol sìos,
 Cha b' ascard ach lìon do reiseamaid.

Is lomad fiuran deas og
 Gun lan duirn air de dh-fheoil,
 'Ghearradh claignean is smois, is feitheannan.

Mo ghaol an Domhnall Gorm og
 Bho'n tur Shleiteach's 's bho'n Ord;
 Fhuair thu deuchainn 's bu mhor an sgeula sin.

Mo ghaol an Domhnall Gorm og
 Bho'n tur Shleiteach's 's bho'n Ord;
 Fhuair thu deuchainn 's bu mhor an sgeula sin.

Mo ghaol an Tainistear ur,
 B' og am planntas mo run,
 'S cha b'e 'n campair air chul na sgethe e.

Mo ghradh an t-Alasdair Dubh,
 Bho Ard-Gharridh nan sruth,
 'Chuir 'nan slubhal gu tluh na reubaltich.

'S bha 'bhrathair eil' ann, Iain Og,
 'S dh' aom'ich pelleir troimh 'fheoil,
 'S caol a thearinn e beo bho' n spelleireachd.

Tha an cogadh so searbh,
 Air a thogall gu garg;
 Ge ceann nathrach bidh earrball peucaig air.

'S e Prionns' Uilleam 's a shluagh
 'Dh' fhag an duthich so truagh,
 Nuair a chuir iad thar cuan rìgh Seumas bhualnn.

Guidheam sgrios orra 's plaigh,
 'S gort is mìosguinn is bas
 Air an sìlochd mar bh 'air al na h-Elpheite;

Gach aon latha dol sìos,
 Caigneadh claidhibh troimh 'm bian,
 'S coin a ' aitheamh an dìol air sleibhtichibh.

Thig am Frangach a steach
 Le treun champa 'chuid each,
 'S bidh do bhangaid 's do bhreac-staèig gleidhte
 dhuit.

Thèid thu 'Hanobher air ais,
 Thig an cot dhìot an cals',
 'S i sean choir a choin ghlais a b 'fheumalle.



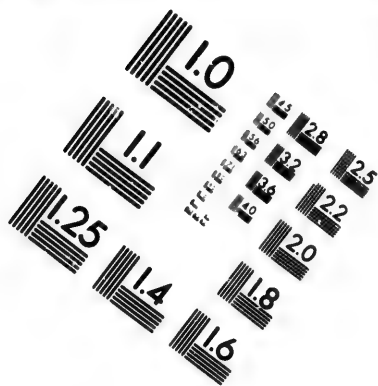
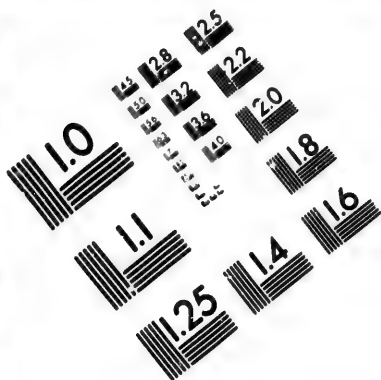
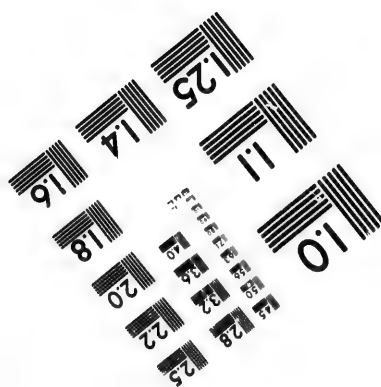
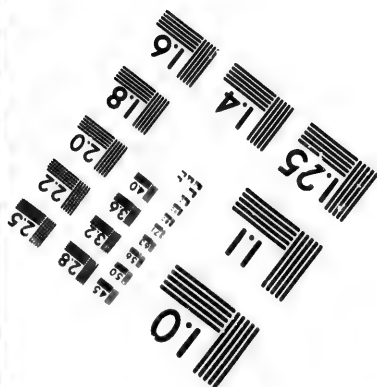
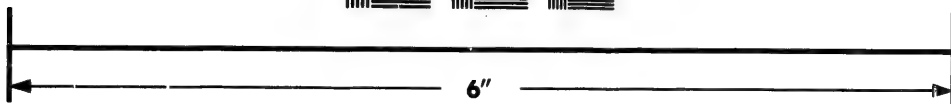
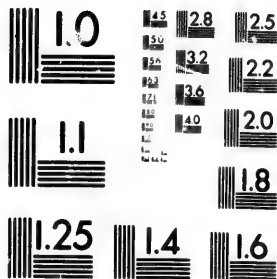


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Brathadair, match, kindling. Peucan, a beacon. Leideigedh, leading, convoying. Cosgradh, slaughtering. Speireadail, energetic. Campair, a camp master. Speleireachd, sliding, skating. Sligheach, sly. Ciogallteach, unsteady, ticklish. Nochduidh or nochd, naked.

According to the song, the ball pierced Dundee below the breastplate. The expression "corp nochduidh" shows that the body was at least to some extent deprived of its clothing. Some writers have asserted that it was stripped by thieves. It is surely more reasonable to suppose that the stripping, so far as there was stripping, was the work of men who were examining the wound.

At the battle of Killiecrankie, Dundee's men were ranged in one line, and in the following order from right to left: the Macleans, Colonel Cannon's Irish regiment, the Macdonalds of Moydart, the Macdonells of Glengarry, the cavalry, the Camerons, a battalion under Sir Alexander Maclean, and the Macdonalds of Skye. The Grants of Glenmoriston were with the Macdonells of Glengarry. Dundee had about 2,500 men, and McKay about 4,000. The battle began about seven o'clock in the evening, or half an

hour before sunset. The Highlanders, whilst moving down the hill, received three successive volleys from McKay's line. When they got to close quarters, and drew swords, the battle lasted only a few minutes. They gained as complete a victory as could be won. Still it was a very dear victory to them; about eight hundred of them were slain. Besides they lost their commander, the only man who could keep them together and lead them to another victory. Of McKay's men two thousand were either killed or taken prisoners.

Oran.

Air Rìgh Uilleam agus Banrìnn Marì.

LUINNEAG.

Irlin, a-rin, o-ro, bha hi,
 Irlin, a-rin, o-ro, bha ho,
 Bìodh gach duin' agalbh bronach
 Airson foirneart ar rìgh.

An dlu chuala mi naidheachd,
 'S air àlt cha b' àimhealach leinn i,
 Nam bìodh cuis mar a b' àlt leinn,
 'S gum bìodh an t-ath-sgeul cho binn rith'.
 Gu bheil Rìgh Seumas le farum
 A cur thairis nam mìltean,
 On 's leat uachdar na mara,
 Greas is tarruinn gu strìth iad.

A Mhlc ghloirmhoir na h-oighe,
 Coimhead foirneart ar righeachd.
 Co a b' urrainn ar smalachd,
 Ach do lamh-sa 'bhi sint' leinn!
 Faic an nise Prionns' Orains
 'Cur na coir' os a cinn oirnn.
 Dean oirnn cobhair, a Shlanaighir,
 Seall le baigh air gach tinn dhi'n.

A Righ chumbachdaich, fheartaich,
 Dha' n leir reachdan gach tìre,
 Cum air aghaidh an ceartas,
 'S an lagh seachranach pill e.
 Faic luchd nam breid dathte,
 'S gur a pailt iad san righeachd;
 Ma tha 'n eucoir nan aigneadh,
 Beum do shlaht' air gach tì dhlubh.

Nuair thanig Uilleam a Shasunn,
 'S e rinn aiseaga bhreamais;
 Thug e 'n righeachd air eiginn
 O'n athair-cell' a thug bean dha,
 Cha b' i reula nan duilean
 'Bha deanamh full dhuit san aineol;
 Mar a bh' aig na trì righrean
 Nuair bha Iosa 'na leanabh.

Thug thu 'm follais an t-Slanaigheir
 Sgeula grain do luchd-teagaisg,
 Bhrìst thu fhein agus Marì
 'N ceathramh aithne gu beadaidh.
 Ghlac thu coir brath 'r do mhathar
 Ann ad laimh gu anlochdmhor;
 Mar bhreun ghearran 'sa chathair,
 'S nach b' fhear-taighe de 'shliochd thu.

'S fìor mhallachd' an lanan
 'Thum an Spàin anns an roinn ud,
 'Dh' fhaothtuinn seilbh a cheart aindeoin

Le muthadh malairt an t-slaightir.
 Ged a stadadh an claidheabh
 Gun bhuill' a chait' mh ach na rinn e,
 Bidh fuil ag eigheach am fiathea;
 Ad dheidh a latha 's a dh-oldheche.

Nuair chaidh Whitehall a losgadh
 Bu mhall bhuir choiseachd gun bhrogan.
 'S mi nach rachadh le pairtí
 Air mhìor' a bhathadh na toite.
 Ma 's e daoine 'rinn suas e,
 B' fhaoin an cruadal 'san seoltachd.
 Chan fheil mi gearan, mo thruaigh',
 Ach' lughad 's fhuair ann an rostadh.

Cha dìg ach rucas is cealgan
 O chruit an cearbach an raball.
 Culridh 'n t-albhistear saoil ris,—
 Bidh Dia is daoine ga alcheadh.
 Cleas eud bean a chruiteir,
 'Rinn an trusdairachd ghraimeil,
 Thog iad aisean mar ursgeul
 Gun do mhurt e 'dhearbh bhrathair.

Gum bu ghranda na sgeoll sin
 'Thog na deamhnan ga dhlbeirt,
 Is a sgaol iad gun dearbhadh
 Mar bhuille searbh da 'n luchd-mìoruin;
 Gun cuirt' isean a chlamhain
 An nead clannach an fhìreoin,
 Mac mucail a bhalach
 'Shalachadh fala nan rìghrean.

'S mairg rìgh a rinn cleamhnas
 Rì Duitseach sanntach gun trocair.
 Cha b' e n' onair bu ghnaths dha,
 Ged 's tu brath' r mathar an rogair'.
 Ged a thug thu dha Marì
 Air dheas laimh 'chum a posadh,

Ghabh e t' oighreachd a' t' antoil
Thar do cheann gu ro dheonach.

Ach nan dìgeadh ar rìgh oirnn
'S a mhac dìleas air aìdmheil,
Ged a theirteadh le moran
Nach h-i 'choir a bhìodh againn
Cha bu mho orr' ceann Uilleim,
Air srajd Lunnainn an Sasunn
A ghrad fhuadach o mhuineal
Na cluas cuilein an radain.

Is sgeul buan do 'n mhnai mhearcaich
Nach tog mac leatha 'h-oighreachd.
'S ion d' i curam a ghabhail
Mun duinear cathair na soills' oirr'
Thoil i mallachd a h-athar
On ghabh an t-albhistear greim dh' i;
'S olc an duthchas a lean i,
Chunnt i 'seanair na thraoitair.

'S math, an toiseach ar seannsa,
Gun d rinn am Frangach de thapadh.
'S gun do ghìacadh leis Monnsa
L e fhir throm-bhuilleach, sgaiteach.
Bu mhath gum biodh an adbhansa
'Tigh'inn nan deann a chum Shasuinn,
Is gum faicteadh an cunntar
Ch'grad ri tionndadh nan cairtean.

Ach ma stad air an Diuca,
'S nach h-e 'run tigh' nn na's falde,
Leig e cadal d' a chirein,
Stad a sgrìob mar a chleachd e.
Mu leig gach saighdear a ghleus deth
Nuair tha leugart mu 'n chaisdeal,
B' fhearr gum faicinn an coltach,
No gun goireadh a chaismeachd.

Ma tha e 'n dan dhult teachd dhachaidh
 'S nar dhult t' fhaicinn gun speuraid,
 Ged a fhuair thu pairt leonaidh
 Ri am fogradh Rìgh Seumas,
 Ma tha thu cruaidh air an raipair,
 Seall ri slachdan a ghleusaidh,
 Le 'n do spìosadh mo sgroban,
 Ma 's fìor Tomas an Reumair.

Aimheabach, vexing, vexations. Mearcach,
 rash, headstrong. Spìos, spice.

King Louis of France captured Mons in Belgium in the Spring of 1691. Whitehall was partly destroyed by fire April 10, 1691. King James, assisted by the French, expected to invade England. His project came to a sudden termination through the defeat of the French fleet off Cape La Hogue, May 17, 1692. The Duke referred to is the Duke of Berwick. He was a natural son of King James by Arabella Churchhill. He was born in 1670. He served under his father in Ireland. He was killed at the siege of Philipsburg on the Rhine in 1734.

Oran an Aghaidh an Aonaidh Eadar Albainn Agus Sasunn.

Ge b'e thogas an lasair
Anam fadadh na smuide,
Theid an cuibhreach, mu'n chapull,
Gun bhi fada fo 'gluinibh:
Ach 'fhir a dh'eirich le gradachd
A chur fasdadh nan lub oirr',
Sparr thu 'n goisnean mu 'ladhar
Mar eun 'cladhach an ruchain.

Bhrìst thu luirg anns a chraon sin,
'S chaidh an seann damh'am mearachd;
Na daimh oga tha 'beucaich,
'S iad gun fheum a chum tarrainn.
'Fhir a b' abhaist an ceannsaich'
Is an tionndadh le an-lochd,
'S e Diuc Atholl le durachd
'Bhrìst do luban a dh' aindeoin.

Ge b'e 'leanadh gu dìreach
Diuca fìrnneach Atholl,
'S roghainn cruthaicht' thar sluaigh e
Bhuidhneadh buaidh mar 'rinn athair,
Bha thu 'n aghaidh luchd-cise
'Ghabh na mìltean mar roghainn;
Ach fagaidh mis' iad gu h-ìseal
Nan laidhe shìos anns na spleadhan.

'S mor 'tha 'ghliocas na rìoghachd
Deagh sgrìobht' ann ad mheomhair.
'Bha thu foghlum as t' oige
'Chur na corach air adhart
'N aghaidh Bhanntairean misgeach
Bha ri bristeadh an lagha;
Nam blodh iad uile gu m'ordagh-s'
Gheibheadh iad cord agus teadhair.

Na blodh ort-sa bonn airtneil,
 Tha fir Atholl nan seasamh;
 Luchd nan gorm iannan geura
 'Dheanadh feum dhuit 'gad fhreasdal;
 Mar sud 's do dheagh bhrathrean
 Luchd nan sar-bhuillean sgaitheach;
 Fir a chaitheamh nan saignead,
 'S a ro ghleidheadh na cartach.

Na blodh ortsa bonn mi-ghean,
 Tha fir do thire gle ullamh;
 Corr mor is deich mile
 Ged a leughainn an tuilleadh,
 'Mheud 's a bhuidhinn e 'phris dhuit,
 Chaidh e sgrìobhte do Lunnainn.
 Na chuireadh dragh orra an Albainn
 Gun robh 'nan armaibh gle ullamh.

Latha randabhu 'n t-sleibhe
 Bha mi-fein ann is chunnic;
 Bha na trupan an sreinn' ann
 Bha na ceudan a' cruinneach.'
 Ge b'e ghabhadh air 'anam
 Gun robh mnathan mar dhuin' ann,
 Gun rachadh saighead na airmibh
 Gus an traigh i an fhuil as.

'Mhorair Dupplin, gun fhulreach,
 Dh'fhosgail uinneag do sgornain:
 Dh'eirich roscal 'ad chridhe
 Nuair chual thu tighinn an t-or ud;
 Shluig thu 'n alleag de'n gheanach,
 Dh'at do sgamha' is bhoc e;
 Dh'fhosgail teannsgal do ghoile,
 'S lasach greallag do thona.

Cha b' ionghnadh sud dhuit a thachairt,
 Ogha bhalgeir ud Liunusaidh,
 'S a liuthad dorus mor calsteil
 Ris 'n do stailc e 'chnaimh tiompain.

Cha d'fhag e baile gun stubhal
 Bho Chill-rudha gu Frainse,
 Mar ghabhas sin 's an t-ord Gallach
 Gu ruige baile Iarl' Antrum.

Ogha balgeir na luloich
 Clod do chuis an taigh-parla
 Mur deach thu dh'fhoghlum a gheanaich,
 Mar bha 'n seanair o 'n d'fhas thu.
 Cha d'fhag e ursann gun locradh
 Eadar Ros is Ceann Talle;
 Bhiodh a theanga gle ullamh
 Nuair a ruigeadh e fardach.

Tha QUEENSBURY 'n trath so
 Mar fhear straic' a cur thairis,
 Eis' a' tarruinn gu dìreach
 Mar ghearran dian ann an greallaig;
 'S luehd nam putagan anairt
 Ian smear' agus geire;
 Nam bu mhise an ceannair',
 Bhiodh 'n ceann de 'n amull air dheireadh.

Tha Diuc Atholl's Diuc Gordan
 Gle chordte 's iad duinte,
 Air an sgrìobhadh gu daingeann,
 Ach tha Hamilton dubailt'.
 Iarla Bhrathainn bhiodh mar-ris,
 Cha bhiodh mealladh 'sa chuis sin,
 'Toit a chruin bhuain le ceannach,
 An ceart fhradharc ar suilean.

Tha Meinneireach Uaimh ann,
 Gle luaineach 'na bhreathal,
 'S e mar dhuine gun suilean
 'Giarraidh iull air feadh ceathaich;
 Ach thig e fathast le umhlachd
 'Chum an Diuc, ma 's i bheatha,
 'S bidh a shannt 's a mhi-dhuraehd
 Anns an smur gun aon rath air.

Iarla Bhrathainn a SEAFORTH,

Cha bhl sìth-shalmh ri d' bheo dhult,

Gum bl ort sa cruaidh fhaghaid

N taobh a 'staigh de 'n Roinn-Eorpa.

Ach nam faighinn mo roghainn,

'S dearbh gun leaghaln an t-or dhult,

A stigh air faochalg do chialginn,

Gus an casadh e 'd bhotuinn

Spleadhan, falsehoods. Cairt, a charter.
Roscal, joy. Greallag; a swing, a swingle-tree,
a gut. Putagan anairt, pock-puddings. Cean-
naire, a driver, a leader of plough horses. Cas,
climb.

The Union with England, which took place May 1st, 1707, was exceedingly unpopular in Scotland. It was carried however, in the Scottish parliament by a hundred and ten votes against sixty-nine. Many of those who voted for it were bribed by English gold, or by promises of rank and office. James Douglas, second duke of Queensbury, was the most active agent in bringing it about. Thomas Hay, vicount Dupplin, was in favor of it. Menzies of Weem and Uilleam Dubh, fifth Earl of Seaforth were also in favor of it. James Douglas, fourth duke of Hamilton, opposed it, but not in such a straightforward manner as was expected of him. He could have pre-

vented it, if he had exerted himself properly. John Murray, first Duke of Athole, opposed it with great zeal.

The union which made England and Scotland one kingdom was no doubt a very good thing. It is not a very pleasant thing, however, to find Sir Walter Scott, Dr. Chalmers, Lord Clyde, Dr. Livingstone, Macaulay, Gladstone, and Lord Rosebery spoken of as Englishmen. Have the countrymen of Wallace and Bruce become extinct?

Ghabh Air Fogradh Do'n Spain.

Ghabh air fogradh do 'n Spain
Fear m' eolais 's mo dhaimh;
Cha cheileadh tu pairt dhet' aigneadh orm

'Mhic-'Ic-Raonuill nam pios,
Nam bratach 's nam pìob,
Chan fhaicteadh 'san strìth thu cailleachail

S e mo ghaol an ceann sluaigh,
Nach bu tais am beairt chruaidh;
Chiteadh rudhadh 'a ghruaidh 's cha b'
fhaiteachas.

'S fad a dh' aithnichinn do cheum
'S tu air thoiseach nan ceud,
'S air uaile gum b' eutrom, astarach.

Nam bhi suibhal nan stuc,
Bhiodh leat gillean 's coin luth,
Agus gunna nach diultadh lasadh dhuit.

Thig an claidheabh gorm caol
 Dhuit an duille ri d' thaobh,
 'S gum bu chuimhneach m' fhear gaol air
 tapachd leis.

Mar ri bogh' an t-sar chuill,
 Air a thaghadh o 'n bhuth,
 Is gun tolladh tu suil na cartach leis.

'Fhir a thanig an de
 Nall a Raineach nan geug,
 'S ann agad tha 'n sgeul 'chuir airsneal
 orm.

O! cha bhrathainn, 's mi 'm cheill,
 Thu do Dhuibhneach fo 'n ghrein,
 Ged a dh-innsadh tu sgeul do leapach
 dhomh.

'S ann orms' a rug a mhi-bhuaidh
 O mhoch maduinn Di-luain,
 Nuair a ghabh mi 'n cead truagh 'sa chaip-
 lich dhiot.

Gar h-e mis' 'tha fo ghruaim,
 'S mi nam onrachdan truagh,
 'S nach falc mi tighinn o 'n Chruaich na b'
 aite leam.

The foregoing song was composed either about Alasdair nan Cleas, of Kerpoch, or Raonull Og his eldest son. John Lom may or may not have been the author of it. If he was, the song must be about Raonull Og.

In May, 1615, Alasdair nan Cleas, Raonull Og, and the eldest son of Mac-

donald, of Moidart, assisted Sir James Macdonald, of Islay, in making his escape from prison in Edinburgh. Sir James tried to wrest his lands from the grasp of the Campbells, but did not succeed. He was compelled to flee to Spain in 1616. Alasdair nan Cleas and his second son, Donald Glas, joined him about 1618. Sir James was pardoned in 1620 and allowed to return to London. He received a pension from King James of one thousand marks sterling. He died in London in 1626. Alasdair nan Cleas was also pardoned in 1620 and allowed to return to Lochaber. He received a pension of two hundred marks sterling. The year of his death is unknown. The history of Raonull Og is very obscure. He was outlawed in 1615. According to the Kinrara MS. he was in possession of Keppoch in 1639. *A. M. Shaw's Mackintoshes and Clan Chattan*, p 327. The probability is that he spent the most of his time in Lochaber. He did not go to Spain with his father. It seems certain, however, that he was in Spain for some time. It is said that he died in London.

Mi 'm Shuidhe air an Aisre.

Mi 'm shuidhe air an 'aisre,
Gun agam ach mi 'm 'onar.
Mi 'm shuidhe, etc.

Gun robh mi 'n de mu 'n taice so,
Mar chleachd bhi o m' oige,

Mar ri Mari Chriarich,
Lamh fhial a dhiol an oir i',—

Mar ri gruidh an fhaiteachais,
'S bu taitneach leam a comhradh.

A bhean-an-taighe freasdail dhuinn,
Is lion an seipein beorach.

An deoch so air do shlainte,
'S gum b' fheairrd thu ri do bheo i.

Is ged mhise mise i,
Chan fhag mi driosg gun ol d' i.

Air ceisd nam ban o 'n Chananich,
An gaisgeach fearail, morail,

Gun d' rinneadh iuchair Sheumais leat
A dh' eignich o luchd' chleoc' e

Ach tamull beag an deidh sin,
Gum b' fheudar dol air fogradh.

Gun dug thu as an rioghachd ort
Gu crìochan 's nach robh t' eolas.

Bhiodh grabhailte mhath, chinnte ach ort
A dhion do chinn an comhrag.

Glac chrom air dheagh lughadh ort,
Sgian dubh le taghadh smeoirne;

Is gunna caol nach duilteadh sràd
Air udlaiche na croice.

Tha comharr' a bhi dileas ort, —
Gun dug an rìgh dhuit storas;

Gun dug e o Chaol-Muille dhuit
Gu cnoc na coille moire;

'S gun dug e cruit fo theudan dhuit,
Is cead a seinn na sheombar,

Gum bu chonnsunn smachdail thu
Air Lachlainn Mac-an-Toisich.

'S a Raonuill oig na Ceapich,
Gur a h-ait leinn maireann beo thu,

A cheannsachadh nan Duibhneach,
Is gur cuimhne leinn an do bheairt.

It is possible, perhaps probable, that the foregoing song was composed by John Lom.

The Chanonrie of Fortrose is known in Gaelic as a Chananich. It is said that Raonuill Og got a key made which would open the door of the prison in which Sir James Macdonald was confined, and that it was by means of this key that Sir James effected his escape. It is just possible that Alasdair nan Cleas had really more to do with getting the key made than Raonuill Og. In 1618 Sir Lachlan Mackintosh invaded Keppoch with a large force for the purpose of apprehending Alasdair nan Cleas and his sons, but was under the necessity of going back without them.

Ged Tha 'n Oidhche 'n Nochd Fuar.

Ged than 'n oidhche 'n nochd fuar,
'S beag a' cadal mo luaidh;
'S chan e tainead no fuairlead m' eudaich;
Ged tha 'n oidhche, etc.

Ach an naidheachd so fhuair
Mi 's a mhaduinn Di-luain;
Gur a fada 's gur buan dhomb 'h-eisleann.

Chi thu, 'Rìgh, 's beag mo luaidh
'Dhol do'n doire so shuas,
Far an goireadh a chuach 'sa cheitean.

'S iad mo chinneadh a bh' ann,
'S iad mar choluinn gun cheann,
No mar thobar an gleann air deubhadh.

Gur a mise tha tinn,
'S bochd 's gur tursach 'tha mi,
Is nach falcear 'san tìr fear t' eugais.

Gur a mis' tha fo sprochd,
Cach mu t' fhearaun a trod,
Is nach suidh thu air cnoc gan reiteach'.

Gur a mise tha fo bhron
Mu mo mhaighistir coir,
'S e 'na laighe fo 'n fhoid gun eirigh;

Ann an eiste nam bord,
N deidh a sparradh le ord
'Ghraidh, cha daisgear le ceol nan teud thu.

Chunnaic mis do thur,
'S e gun mhìre, gun mhuirn,
Is do chinneadh 's gach cuis an deidh laimh.

Chunnaic mise do bhord
'S e gun lomairt, gun ol,
Agus innis a cheo is fear troimp'.

Tha do bhaile gun stath,
'S e gun sabhall, gun ath,
Ach na fhladhairéan bana, feurach.

Pìob sgallach nan dos
Bhiodh mu d' thalla gle mhoich,
Le ceol caithreamach, bras, luath, eibhinn.

Thigeadh boineid o 'n bhuth,
Air chul bachlach mo ruin,
'S cota Lunnaineach dnbh-ghorm eutrom.

Bu tu namhaid a bhruid,
'Thig o bhruachalbh an t-sluic,
Is a bhradain air uisg' a leumadh.

Bu leat sìnteag nan carn
Leis an cinneadh an t-sealg,
'Bheireadh fuil air damh dearg na ceire;

Leis a chullbheir chaol ghlas,
Nach diultadh an t-srad,
Leagteadh ultaiche bras an t-sleibhe.

Gum b' fhear bogh' thu nach b' olc
Dhol a thomhas nam prop,
Bhiodh do shaighead sa phloc ga reubadh.

Tri chrainn fhichead is corr
Nach b' fhurasd idir a leon,
'S ann a bhris thu le t' ordaig fein iad.

An taigh-lagha nan tur
Gum bu fhradharcach thu,
Cha bu chladhaire' chunntadh feich ort.

Am measg Ghaidheal is Ghall,
Far an eisdteadh do chainnt.
Gheibhteadh Laideann is Fraingis 's Beurla.

'S ann an Sasunn fo 'n uir,
Dh' fhag mi tasgaidh mo ruin,
Ann an calbeal nan turaibh gle gheal.

'M Balle Lunnainn nan cleoc,
Dh'fhag mi urra mo loin;
Leat bu dullich e, 'Dhomhnaill Shleitch!

Och! fhir chridhe mo ghaol
Do'm bu shualcheantas fraoch,
S' e mo chreach nach do dh-fhaod thu eirigh.

In the manuscript from which I have copied this poem it is termed, "Oran do Mhac-Iain Aird-nam-Morchann, le gille a bha aige fhein." In D. C. Macpherson's Duanaire, which contains thirteen verses of it, it is termed, "Cumha Raonail Oig, le Iain Lom." I do not suppose that John Lom had anything to do with it.

Oran Do Dh-aonghus Mac Rao- nuill Oig.

Biodh an uidheam so 'triall
Gu ceann-uidhe nan cliar,
Far 'n bu shubhach 's 'm bu mhladhail seold;

Gu tur meadhrach nach crion
Nan ceann-feadhna 's glan flamh,
Cuir ghreadhnach 'm bu rioghall stoirm;

Gu taigh ainmeil mor-fhell'
'S an cluinnt' toragan nan teud,
'Fhir a b' fhoirmeala beus trath-noin.

Ann an aros mo ruin
Chluinnteadh clarsaichean ciull,
'S lomairt thalleasg air chruinntibh oir.

Fuaim na fìdhle mu seach,
Toirm air pìob 'bu mhath blas,
Fion Spainteach dearg datht' ann 's beoir;

'S uisge beatha nam pìos
'Rachadh t' airgiod ga dhiol;
Chit' an gloin' e mar ghriog an oir.

Bhiodh mnai aillidh 'n fhuilit reidh
'Gabhail dhana le teud,
'Sior chur seachad na seisteachd leo;

C*innlean aca de 'n cheir
'S iad an lasadh gu geur'
Urlar farsuing mu 'n eight 'an t-ol.

Macant mairgheanail thu
Faicheil, f idhreacheil, ciuin
Marcach greadhnach nan cruiddh-each gorm.

Bhiodh eich sheanga 'nan leum,
'S iad 'nan deannaibh 'cur reis',
'S fir a sreamadh nan sreinn ri 'm beoil

'N uair a rachadh tu 'mach
'S ar'd a chluinnteadh do smachd,
Bhiodh Iain Muideartach leat 's MacLeoid;

Mac-Mhic-Ailein bho 'n chuan
Le loingeas daraich lom, luath;
Luchd nan leadan le 'm buailteadh stroic.

Thig Aonghas ardanach treun,
Bho Ghleann-Garadh nan geug,
'S na fir ghasda nach geill fo sgod.

'S leat Sir Domhnall bho 'n Chaol
Is Clann-Domhnaill, na laoi
Sud a bhuidheann nach maom 's an toir.

Thig fir Eirinn a risd,
'Chuir thu fhein air do thi;
'S iad a dh' eireadh le strìth mu d' dhorn.

Thig Clann-Pharlain nan sgiath
 'Bh'aig fear t' aite-sa riamh,
 'S Mac-an-Aba le 'chiad fear mor.

Bu leat fir an taoibh tuath,
 Fir a Bhraighe so shuas,
 'S deagh Mhac-Griogair-bho Ruadh struth chro.

'N uair a bhl. dh tu n' Loch Treig
 Bu dluth 'tholladh tu beinn;
 Bu tu marbhaiche 'n eile le leis;

Agus coisiche 'chairn
 Leis an cinneadh an t sealg,
 'Bheireadh fuil air damh dearg nan croc.

'N uair a ranig mi 'Chruach,
 Bha mi t' ionndraichinn bhuam;
 'Se do mhulad 'bha tuairgneadh orm.

Tha do chinneadh mor fhein
 Fè mhulad 'ad dheigh,
 'Mhic an fhir o Loch-Treig a fneoir.

'S ann an torachd nan each
 'Dh'fhag mi 'n t-og a b'fhearr dreach:
 Cha de dhlobair a chlach an t ord.

'S ann 'n a shineadh 'san allt
 Bha ceann-taighe mo ghraidh,
 Ged a thuit thu le dermad leo.

Cha bu spuillear air tuath
 Dha 'n do ruisgeadh an uaigh;
 Bha mo dhiubhail air ghuailnibh sloigh,

Chaireadh ceannard an t-sluaigh
 Le 'dha leanabh 'san uaigh;
 Fath mo ghearain 's mi fuasgladh dheoir.

According to the person who sent me this poem, it was composed about Aonghus Mac Raonuill Oig, and is the original version of Bìodh an uidheam so 'triall. I cannot accept this view of the poem. I look upon it as being made up of stanzas from three or four different poems. The greater portion of it seems to me to be far more applicable to MacDonald of Sleat or Glengarry than to Aonghus MacRaonuill Oig. Some of the verses appear in the Elegy on Sir James of Sleat. I feel confident that these verses really belong to that poem. I am not aware of valid ground upon which it could be said of Aonghus MacRaonuill Oig, Bhìodh Iain Muideartach leat's MacLeod. But this could be said concerning Sir James of Sleat with a fair degree of propriety. He married, as his second wife, Mary, daughter of John Macleoid, 14th of Harris; whilst Florence, one of his daughters by his first wife, was married to John Macleod, 16 of Harris. Iain Breac Roderick, 17th of Harris, was Sir James's grandson.

Raon Ruari.

An ainm an aigh ni mi tus
 Air a mheanmna so 'm run
 Chan i 'so 'n aimsir mu 'n duin an ceitein oirnn

Na faicteadh loingeas an righ
 'Cur an spionnaidh gu tìr,
 Chan e Uilleam tha mi cho deidheil air.

Ach righ Seumas 's a shìol
 A dh-ordich Dia gus ur dìon;
 Cha righ lasid d'am flach dhuinn geilleachdinn.

Ach mar dig thu air ball,
 S do leintean crìosa ga'n call,
 Is ceud misde leinn thall san Epheit thu.

An comunn ciotach gun bhaigh
 A shuidh an ionad nan Stath
 Mar cho-meata chuir Satan seula riu.

Paca sligheach na ceilg.
 O'am bu dligheach a mheirg,
 Dhubh am fìtheach le salchar eucair iad.

Cha b'e 'm brathadair coir
 Bha cur gabhail fo 'm foid,
 Ach fear an taigh' nach bu choir bu sheuconds
 dhuibh.

Ann sa bheithe bhag og
 Tha fo bhaile mhic-Dheors',
 Gum bu lionar fear cleochd' bha reubte ann.

An Raon-Ruari nam bad
 Bu lionmhor uaigh is corp rag
 Bha aig luchd shluasid is chaib gan leidigeadh.

Air a bhruthach a stad
 Fo dhubhar nam bad,
 Chaidh nan slubhal gu grad na reubaltich.

A shar Chleibhir nan each
 Bu cheann-feadhun thu air feachd
 Mo chreach leir an tus gleachd mar dh-eirich
 dhuit.

Bu lasair theine dhaibh t' fhearg
 Gus an d' eirich mi-shealbh;
 Bhuail am pelleir fo earball t' eildidh thu.

Cha robh t-eascarid suas
 Eadar Arcamh is Tuaid,
 Mur bhi an tacaid a bhuail san eudann thu.

Bu mhor cosgradh do lamh
 Fo do chlogaide ban;
 Do chorp nochdte geal graidh ga eidgeadh.

Nualr dhaom t-uaislean am mach,
 Cha sgaoth bhuachailleann mhait,
 Ach luchd bhualadh nan enap gu speireadail.

Clann Domhnaill an aigh
 Luchd a chonnsaich gach blar,
 Cha do ghabh sibh riamh sgath roimh reubaltich.

Is iomad fiuran deas og
 Gun lan duirn air de dh-fheol,
 Nach gabh curam 's a chomhrag eiridh leibh.

'S lionmhor lasgaire dian
 Bha fo 'n cuid bhratach dol sìos
 'S cha b-iad na fathichibh crìon 'ur reis-maidean.

Agus lamh bu mhor lughs
 A chur na Spaintich gu cul
 'Ghearradh chlaighnan chnaimh-smuis is fheithe-
 anan.

Fhuair iad deannal sa choill
 Bho chruidh lannaibh siol-chuinn,
 A bhruchd nan deannaibh thar tuilàn trom
 chreuchdeach iad.

Bu Honar pìorbhulc is gruag
A chaidh a spea'tadh mu 'n cnualc
S bha full dhaite na stualdh air feuran ann.

Mo run an Domhnail Gorm og
Bho n tur Shleittich : bho n Ord,
Fhuair thu deuchainn s bu mhor an sgeula sin

Gradh an t-Alasdair Dubh
Bho Aird-Gharidh nan struth
Bha air a tharruing an tuigh nan eucorach.

Bha ann an tanaistear ur
S b'og am planntas mo run
S cha'b'e'n campair air chul na sgeithe e.

Bha bhrathair eil ann Iain Og
S dh-aomich pelleir troimh fheoil
S caol a thearinn e beo bho n speileireachd.

'S e 'Prionns Uilleam 's a shluagh
'Dh'fhag an duthich so truagh
Nuair a chuir e thar cuan rìgh Seumas bhuainn.

Ach guidheam sgrìos agus plaigh,
Gort is mìosguinn is bas,
Air an sìochd mar bh'air al na h-Eiphelte.

Gach aon latha dol sìos
Caigneadh chlàidhibh troimh'm bian
'S coin a caitheamh an dìol air sleibhtichinn.

Thig am Frangach a steach
Le treun champa chuid each
S bidh a bhanga'd s a bhreac-staig greidhte.
dhuit.

Theid thu Hanobher air ais
Thig an còt dhìot an cais;
'S i sean choir a choin ghla's a b fheumaille.

Ged tha an cogadh so searbh,
Air a thogall gu garg,
Le ceann nathrach bieth eàrball peucaig air.

The foregoing version of "An ainm an aigh ni mi tus" was sent to me a few days ago. As the person sending it desires to have it printed I comply with his request.

Cumha.

DO SHIR DOMHNALL SHLEITE-

'S cian 's gu fada mi 'm thamh,
'S trom leam m' aigheadh fo phramh;
Bho nach cadal dhomh seimh 's tim eirigh.
'S cian 's gur fada &c.

Laigh an aels orm gu cruaidh,
Dreach an aolg air mo ghruaidh,
'S rinn e faodail bhochd through dha fein
diom.

a leann dubh orm gach la-
'Se gam mhuchadh a ghnath,
Air mo chuis-sa cha ra-sgeul breig e.

Tha gach urra 'dol dhiom
Bho 'm faigh 'nn furan le miadh,
A choig urrad 's a b' fhiach mi 'dh-eirig.

Chaill mi armuinn mo stuic,
Mo sgiath laidir 's mo phruip,
Iad ri alteach an t sluic is fear orr'.

Fath mo bhioraidh 's mo cholg,
'Thaobh gach lomairt so 'dh' fhaibh,
Luaths bhur n-lomachd air lorg a cheile.

Mhuch me mheadail 's mo mheas
Daoil 'bhi cladhach bhur sllos;
Chaidh mo raghain fo lic de leugaibh.

Bhuall an t-earrach orm spot,
 'S trom a dh' fhairich mi 'lot,
 Chuir e 'n lughad mo thoirt, 's beag m' fheum
 air.

Bas Shir Domhnall bho 'n Chaol
 Chuir mo chomhnuidh fo sgaoll,
 Dh' fhag mi 'm onar 'san aois gam leireadh.

'S ann riut a labhrainn mo mhtann
 Gu dana, ladarna, dian,
 Ged a bhidhinn da thrian 'san eucotr.

'Slomad smaointinn nochd, truagh,
 'Teachd air m' aire gach uair,
 Bho 'n la 'chaochail air snuadh fear t' eugaisg.

Leoghann fireachail, ard,
 Muinte, sploradal, garg,
 Umhall, iriosal, feardha, treubh-ach.

Leug nan arm is nan each,
 Reimell, calma, gun aire,
 Dh'eug thu 'n Armadail glas nan de'deag.

Bha do chinneadh fo phramh,
 Do thuath 's do phaighearan mall,
 Uaislean t' fhearainn 's gach lan fhearfeusaig.

Bha mnai beul-dearg a bhruit
 Ri call an cille 's am fuil,
 'S cach ag eiteadh do chuirp air delle.

Moch 'sa mhaduinn Diardaoin
 Thog iad tasgaidh mo ghaoll,
 'N deidh a phasgadh gu caol 'sna leintean.

'N ciste ghtubhais nam bord,
 An truail chumhaing na 's leoir,
 'N deidh a dubhadh fo 'n t-srol air speicean.

Gu eaglais Shleite na stuaidh,
 'Chosg thu fhein ri chur suas,
 Ged nach d' fhuirich thu buan ri 'sgleutadh.

Fhuair thu deannal no dho,
 'Dh 'fhag do phannal fo bhron,
 'S gum bu ghearan an leon mun eigheadh.

Air Raon-Ruairidh nan strac,
 Far 'n do bhuannich sibh blar,
 Chaill thut' uaislean is t-armuinn ghleusda.

Air an talamh chrìon, chruaidh,
 'S nach falaicheadh gearrag a cluas.
 Fhuair sibh deannal na luaithe leithe.

Bu neo-chraobhaidh na seold
 'Fhuair sa chaonnaig an leon,
 B' an diu Raonall is Eoin is Seumas.

Ann ad thalla mar thriath,
 Cha bu ghnath leat 'bhi crìon,
 Gum bu nollaig le sìon do reidhlean.

B' e 'm bol pathaidh do mhìann
 Bhi 'ga chaitheamh gu dian;
 'S 'n uair a thraight' e gun lìonteadh reidh
 leat,

De dh-uisge-beatha 's de bheoir,
 'Sìad a gabhail na 's leoir,
 Mar a thoillicheadh beoil ga eigheach.

Mu bhord gun tloma, gun ghruaim,
 Le ol, 's le iomairt, 's le sluagh,
 Is ceol 'bu bhinne na cuach 'sa cheitein.

Dh' fhalbh na spailpean an null,
 'Bha fial, farsuinn, 'nan grunn;
 Cha b' iad na fachalch gun rum, gun leud iad.

Domhnall Gorm 'bu ghlan gnùis,
 Fear bu mhine de 'n trìuir,
 'S cha bu chorr-cheann e 'n cuirt rìgh Seurlas.

Cha dean mi run ach gu foll
 Do 'n al ur 's 'th' air teachd oirnn,
 Bho nach dulsgear le ceol Sir Seumas.

Dh' fhalbh thu fhein 's do cheud mhac,
Mala gheur sibh gu neart;
'S fad' o chelle fo cheapaibh reise sibh.

'S blath an leap' air bhur clonn,
Seach daormuinn 'thaisgeadh an t-suil;
Sibh 'bu sgapach air buinn le feile.

Thuir mi 'n urrad ud ruibh,
Tha mi 'm urrainn g'a dhlol;
Slan 'ar muineil cha till sibh breug orm.

Faodail, a waif, a thing found without
an owner. Reimeil, authoritative. Brot
or brat, a veil. Bruit, of the veil. Pan-
nal, a band of men. Craobhaidh—ner-
vous, tender, shivering. Fachach---a
little insignificant man ; also a puffin.
Daormunn---a miser. Eiteadh---stretch-
ing. Slan, in spite of. Sir Donald Mac-
donald, 10th of Sleat, died February 5,
1695.

Marbhrann.

DO DH-ALASDAIR DUBH GHLINNE-GARADH.

LUINNEAG.

Ho ro 's fada, 's gur fada,
Is cian fada mo bhron,
O 'n la charadh gu h-iseal
Do phearsa phriseil fo 'n fhoid.
Tha mo chridhe-sa ciuirt'
Cha dean mi sugradh ri m' bheo,
On dh' fhalbh ceannard nan uaislean,
Oighre dualach an t-Sroim.

'S mi ag eiridh 'sa mhaduinn
 Gur beag m' aiteas ri sugradh,
 On dh' fhalbh uachdaran fearail
 Ghlinne-Garadh air ghiulan,
 'S ann am flaitheas na failte
 Tha ceannard aillidh na duthcha ;
 Sar choirnileir foinnidh
 Nach robh foilleil do 'n chrùn thu.

'S maig a tharladh roimh d' dhaoine
 Nuair tbogteadh fraoch ri do bhrataich;
 Dh' eircadh stuadh an clar t-eudainn
 Le neart feirg agus raisge;
 Sud an com 'bha neo-sgathach,
 'S an t-suil bu bhlaith gun ghaiseadh;
 Gum biodh maoim air do naimhdean
 Ri linn dhuit spainteach a ghlacadh.

Fhuair thu n' cliù sin o thoiseach,
 Is cha b' olc e r 'a innseadh;
 Craobh chosgairt 'sa bhlar thu
 Nach gabhadh sgath roimh luchd-peicean;
 No roimh shaighdearan dearga,
 Ged a b' armailt an rìgh iad,
 Le 'n cuid cheannartan fuilteach,
 Is le 'n gunnathan cinnteach.

Gur a farsuinn do ranntan
 Ri 'n seanachas 's ri 'n sloinneadh;
 Gur tu oighr' an Iarl' Ilich
 Nach d' choisinn eis le gnìomh foilleil,
 Marcaich' ard nan each cruideach,
 Nan srian ur' 's nan lann soilleir;
 Lamh threun ann an cruadal,
 Ceannard sluaigh a toirt teine.

Fhuair thu onair fir Alba,
 Bha meas is ainm air fear t' aignidh,
 Fear do ghliocas 's do gheire,
 Do chliù, do cheuntaidh, 's do ghaisge,
 Thug Dia gibhitean le buaidh dhuit,

Cridhe fuasgaillteach, farsuinn,
'Fhir bu chiuine na mbaighdean,
Is bu ghairge nan lasair.

'S goirt an t-earchall a thachair
On chaidh an iomairt so tuathal ;
O la blar Sliabh-an-t-Siorra
Chaill ar cinneach an uaislean ;
Thionndaidh chuibhl' air clann-Domhnaill,
An treas connspunn bhi uatha,
Clann is colair Chlann-Raghnaill,
An fhuil ard 's i gun truailleadh.

'N nis on dh' fhalbh na fir dhaicheil,
'Chleachd mar abhaist 'bhi suairce,
Deagh Shir Domhnall a Sleite,
Bu mhor reusan is cruadal,
Ailain Muideartach fearail,
'S an triath Garannach buadhach,
Cha dig gu brath air Clann-Domhnaill
Triuir chonnspunn cho cruaidh riu.

A Thi dh'fhuiling nar n-aite,
Eisd ad ghras ri ar n-urnigh,
Cum an t-aog o dha bhrathair
'N fhir a charadh fo'n uir leinn,
A dheanamh treise do'n alach so
A dh' fhagadh gun suilean,
Sliochd an t-scabhaig 's an armuinn
Nach dugadh each an sgiath chuil deth.

Nuair threig each an cuid fearainn,
Is nach d' fhan iad san rioghachd,
Sheas thusa gu fearail,
Gun sgath, sgainneal, no mi-chliu,
Chuir thu fuaradh na froise
Seach ar dorsan gar dionadh ;
Gun robh t-aigneadh cho laidir
Ri leoghann ard de 'n fhuil rioghail

Cha robh iarl' ann an Albainn
Gheibheadh earbsa no run bhuait,

'S gum biodh toiseach gach naidheachd
 Gu lamhan a chuirteir.
 Seabhag firinneach, suairce,
 'Chleachd bhi cruadalach, turail,
 Ceannard mhaithlean is uaislean
 Bha air ghuaillnibh ga ghiulan.
 Sgeul a b' ait leam r'a eisdeachd,
 'S a bhi ga leirsinn le 'r siulean,
 Do mhac oighre bhith 't fhearann
 Mar bu mhath le luchd durachd.
 Ach aon neach leis am b' oil e,
 Luaidhe ghlas le neart fudair
 'Bhith troimh cluidh' air a fìradh
 Chor 's nach iarradh e tionndadh.

Alexander Macdonell of Glengarry, Alasdair Dubh, died in 1724.

I cannot believe that John Lom was the author of the foregoing elegy. It is fairly certain that he was in his grave long before it was composed.

John Lom was present at the battle of Stun-a-Chlachlain in 1640. It is admitted by everybody that he was at least sixteen years of age at the time. Consequently he must have been born as early as 1624. But Alasdair Dubh of Glengarry died in 1724. John Lom, if living at that time, must have been one hundred years of age. But it seems unreasonable, without clear proof, to ask us even to believe that the elegy on Glengarry was composed by a centenarian. John Lom composed an elegy on Aonghas MacRannull Oig in

1640. It does not look like the composition of a boy of sixteen. I take for granted that John Lom was a good deal older than sixteen in 1640.

The Rev. Donald Macnicol published remarks on Dr. Johnson's tour to the Hebrides, in 1779. In that work he states that John Lom lived to an extreme old age, and that there were still living people of very advanced years who remembered to have seen him. People of very advanced years, said to be people who were at least eighty-five years, or people who were born in 1694, and who were fifteen years of age in 1709. If John Lom had lived until 1724, there must have been a good many persons living in 1779 who had seen him, and these, persons who were not of very advanced years.

The sketch of John Lom which is published in *Sar-Obair nam Bard* was written by Dr. Macintyre of Kilmonivaig. Dr. Macintyre tells us that John Lom died at a very advanced age about the year 1710. Than Dr. Macintyre there could be no better authority. He took an interest in Gaelic poetry, and had the best possible opportunities for becoming acquainted with John Lom's history.

In view of the foregoing facts, I take for granted that John Lom died in 1709 or 1710; probably in 1709. But when was he born? According to Mr. Macnicol, Dr. Macintyre, and some Keppoch traditions that I have heard, he lived to an extreme old age. I think we must come to the conclusion that he was at least ninety or ninety-five years of age when he died. Thus, then, he must have been born as early as 1620, perhaps as early as 1615.

Beannachd leat, Iain Luim. Chuir mise t' orain am mach cho math 's cho ceart 's a b' urrainn mi. Tha mi 'n dochas gun dig cuid-eiginn am dheidh a ni nas fhearr.

Notes.

1. From Turner's collection.

2. From R. Macdonald's collection. The last line of the eighth verse is given in the book as follows:—'S bhiodh briogadh an deidh a h-earr'.

3. Sixteen verses from Dr. Maclean's MS. The chorus, 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th verses from Turner's collection. The following verses have been omitted:—

'N cuala sibh an turas ainmeil
'Thug Alasdair mac Cholla 'dh-Albainn'.
Rinneadh leis pronnadh is marbhadh,
'S leagadh leis Coileach Srath-Bhulgaidh.

An t-eun dona ' fhuair a cheusadh
An Sasuon, an Albainn, 'S an Eirinn,
Gur h-it e a cul do sgeithe,
'S gur misde leam gun do gheill e.

These verses refer to the Earl of Huntly. If leagadh leis were dh' islich e there might be some truth in the 4th line. As it stands, it cannot be reconciled with historic facts.

4. From Turner's collection. The third line as given by Turner is as follows:—Choisinn latha Allt-Eirinn le mhor-shluagh. It was Montrose's genius that won the battle of Auldearn. Alister hac Coll had not a mor-shluagh or large host under him. A taug buaidh an Allt-Eirinn le chonnspuinn would be true. The third line of the third verse is, Nuair a bha thu 'sa gharadh a' t' onar. - Alister mac Coll was not alone in the garden, sheep-pen, or whatever the enclosure may have been. The third line of the sixth verse is, Bha na shineadh am polla ud

Lochalidh. John Lom would never say that there were many of Montrose's men lying in the pool of Lochy. But what could Inverlochy have to do with Auldearn? The 7th verse is by myself. The last verse has been emitted. It is as follows:—

Chuir sibh pairt dhu air theicheadh
Gus 'n do ranig sibh Muiri,
'S chuir sibh lasraichean teine 'sa Mhoraich.

So far as I can learn Montrose did not set fire to Moraich Mhic-Shimi, at the time of the battle of Auldearn. There may, however, have been a Moraich, or Mor-fhaiche, between Nairn and Garmouth. But whether there was or not, John Lom had too good an ear for music to suppose that Muiri rhymed with theicheadh.

5. From Dr. Maclean's MS. and John Maclean's MS.

6. From R. Macdonald's collection.

7. From the Highland Monthly, Vol. I, page 278. The 8th verse is from Turner's collection.

8. From Turner's collection.

9. From A. and D. Stewart's collection.

10. From Dr. Maclean's MS.

11. From Turner's collection. The 18th verse is from Gillies's collection, page 75.

I have omitted four verses. If a man does not believe that a person whom he disliked went to Heaven when he died, he had better say nothing about his occupation in the world of spirits.

12. From the transactions of the Gaelic society of Inverness, vol. XII., and Turner's collection.

13. The first nineteen verses are from Turner's collection. The 20th verse and the last fourteen verses were sent me by Alexander Macdonald, Ridge.

14. From Turner's collection. The 8th and 15th verses are by myself. A reir na naidheachd a thugadh dhomhsa, fhuair an Cruiteir a bhean aige ann an suidheachadh maille ri duine eirle anns nach bu choir d'i a bhith. An aite naire a ghabhail 's ann a thoi'sich i air a chain-eachd 's air tilgeadh chlach air.

15 From Gillies's collection. The third line of the third verse is given in that work as follows:—Fraoch fod 'shin, gun bhosd, gun bhag radh. The last two lines of the fourth verse are given thus,—

Sgriab Ghilleasbig Ruaidh a Ulbhist,
Bhuail e meall an ceann an uighe.

I have reason to believe that the Claran Mabach was known as Gilleasbig Dubh, not as Gilleasbig Ruadh. I am not prepared, however, to insert Ghilleasbig Dhuibh in place of Ghilleasbig Ruaidh.

I received the following verse from Alexander Macdonald, Ridge:—

Chuir thu stopadh air na caolais
Mun leigt' ort iad le maol sneimhell;
Rinn thu gach coit is ramh a shaoradh,
Mharbh thu boc 's gun d' lot thu 'mhaolseach

Maol-sneimhell, careless, is an adjective; the noun is maol-sneimhealas. It is said that a shot fired in through the window wounded Alasdair Ruadh's wife in the leg. This explains the reference to the maolseach.

The first line of the 8th verse is, A Mhoire, 's buidheach mise, Dhia, dhìot. Without changing these words the thu in the next verse would refer grammatically to the Deity. I might, however, have avoided this difficulty by giving the 8th verse as the last. I got the ninth verse from

Alexander Macdonald, but changed dh' eittich to smachdaich. I got the following lines also from Mr. Macdonald:—

Claighean gun saonadh bho chorpaidh,
Mar chinn laogh an deidh am plotadh.

These lines, as given by Gillies, are as follows:—

Claighean gan faoisgneadh a copar,
Marr chinn laogh an deidh am plotadh.

These lines are very poetic, but are they founded upon a fact? Are we to suppose that the heads were actually put in a copper vessel of some kind, or in a pot, and washed there? The word plotadh favors this view.

16. From Turner's collection. I got the fifth verse from an old neighbor, John Macdonald, an Tallalear Abrach.

17. From the Gael, vol. V., page 76.

18. From Dr. Maclean's MS.

19. From Turner's collection. The first verse is given by Turner as follows:—

Gur a fada mi 'm thamh,
Thuit mo chridhe gu iar;
A Rìgh, 's deacair dhomh tamh 's mi beo.

It is not desirable to have tamh rhyme with thamh.

The seventh verse is given thus,—

Nuair a rachadh tu 'm mach
B'ard a chluinnteadh do smachd,
Bhiodh Iain Muideartach leat 's Mac-Leòid.

As I understand these words, they mean either that Macleod was a follower of Sir James or that he was in the habit of marching with him to battle.

20. From R. Macdonald's collection.

21. This poem and the 22nd are taken from Turner's collection. They are given in that work as one poem, under the heading of Oran air Blar Tomaphubull.

22. The chorus and the first two verses refer to Lord Macdonell. The last three verses seem to belong to the poem on the Marquis of Athole, Slan gun dìth dhuit a Mharcuis. I have omitted the following verses:—

'M bruadar chunnalc mi 'm chadal
B' fhearr gum faicinn e 'm dhusgadh;
'S mi nach fuireadh na b' fhaide
Ann am plaide fo thursa.
Le aon sealladh dhe t' aodann
Nuair a phlaosgadh mo shuillean,
B' ionnan eirigh do m' aigheadh
S' leum a bhradain le luth-chleas.

Gur a mise 'bha tursach,
'N am dhomh duscadh a m' bhruadar,
A bhith faicinn do chursaibh
'Dol an null air Druim-uachdar;
Bhith gad chur an toll-butha,
'S gun mo dhuil thu thigh 'nn uaithe.
Laigh smal air mo shugradh
Gus an ruisgear an uaigh dhomh.

These verses seem to refer to the Marquis of Huntly or to the Earl of Athole. They might suit at the beginning of Cumha Morair Hunndaidh.

23. From Turner's collection.

24. From Turner's collection.

25. From D. C. Macpherson's Duanaire. As published in that work, it contains nine verses, namely, the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 7th, 8th, 10th, 11th, and 17th. The 12th 's by myself.

26. From John Maclean's MS.

27. From Gillies's collection.

28. There are four versions of this poem, Dr. Maclean's, Turner's, Ewen Maciachlan's and Alexander Macdonald's. Dr. Maclean's and Turner's differ but very little. Ewen Maciachlan copied his version from an old MS. He states that the poem was composed about Lord Macdonell. The poem, as I have given it, is partly from Dr. Maclean's version and partly from Ewen Maciachlan's. Both these versions contain the 1st, 2nd, 4th, 5th, 8th, 9th, 10th, and 11th verses. But they do not give the 4th and 10th verses in the same way. The 4th is given by Ewen Maciachlan as follows:—

Thoid mi shealltuinn an null
Air nigh'n Sheumais nan tur,
Gum meal thu 'n staidhle sin puid ri 'd bheo.

If the poem is about Lord Macdonell nigh'n Sheumais should be nigh'n Domhnaill; if about Macdonald, of Sleat, it should be Sir Seumas or Sir Domhnaill. The 10th verse, as given by Dr. Maclean, runs thus,—

'Sleat Sir Domhnaill o'n Chual,
'Sleat Clann Domhnaill na laoiach,
Sud a bhuidheann nach maom 'san toir.

Ewen Maciachlan has it as follows:—

Leat a dh' eireadh na laoiach,
Clann-Domhnaill an fhraoiach,
Sud na connspuinn nach faoin 'san toir.

Of course the only difference of any consequence is in the first line.

The fifth verse is in my opinion the best in the poem. But to whom does it refer? I feel confident that it must refer to Sir James of Sleat, to Lord Macdonell, or to Sir Donald of Sleat. As John Lom was a man of good common sense, I am inclined to think that Sir James and Lord

Macdonell were dead, and that Sir Donald was the man of whom he said, 'S tu a thaghalnn de'n al s' tha beo.

29. From R. Macdonald's collection. The last two lines of the first verse are given in that work as follows:—

'N deoch-s' air Calptin Chloinn-Domhnall,
'S air Sir Alasdair og 'thig o'n Chaol.

Sir James Macdonald, ninth of Sleat, was succeeded by his son, Donald. He had no son named Alexander. Sir James 13th of Sleat died in 1723. He was succeeded by his son Alexander, who was born in 1710 and married in 1733. My reasons for believing that the poem was composed about Sir Donald, 10th of Sleat, are these:— In the first place, as we are not in possession of John Lom's poems as they were composed Sir Alasdair may be a mistake. In the second place, according to Ranald Macdonald the poem was composed in the time of Sir James, ninth of Sleat. In the third place, the subject of the poem was a married man, but Sir Alexander, 14th of Sleat, was not married until the year 1733.

I have rejected the following lines from the twelfth verse:—

A chraobh fhlogius gun ghaiseadh
'Chuireadh fion d'i am pailteas.

If the fig-tree belongs to the arms of the Macdonalds of Sleat, and it yields wine in abundance, these lines should have been retained.

30. From Turner's collection. The last two lines of the first verse are given in that work as follows:—

Gu bheil mulad fo d' chom ort
Mu bhas Ghoud Iarla Moire.

So far as known to me there was no such man as Ghoud Iarla Moire. As the poem was com-

posed about 1682, and as Lord Macdonell died in that year, it is possible that he was the person referred to by John Lom. The first half of the 8th verse is by myself.

The Earl of Argyll met John, first Earl of Athole of the Murray family, at the ford over the river Lyon, near Kenmore in Breadalbane. The former had 5,000 men with him, the latter 1200. Argyll invited Athole to a private conference. Whilst Athole and his friends were on the way they were seized by men who had been planted in ambush by Argyll, and sent off as prisoners to Edinburgh.

31. From Turner's collection.

32. From Gillies's collection. The last five verses were sent me by Alexander Macdonald, Ridge.

33. From Turner's collection.

34. From Gillies's collection.

35. From D. C. Macpherson's Duanaire.

36. From D. C. Macpherson's Duanaire.

37. From John Maclean's MS.

38. Sent me by Alexander Macdonald, Ridge. Instead of 'S leat Sir Domhnall bho 'n Chaol, Ewen MacIachlan has Leat a dh' eireadh na laoiach. According to D. C. Macpherson the 21st and 24th verses are about Gilleasbig na Ceapich.

39. Sent me by Alexander Macdonald, Ridge. This version of the poem is better than the one given at page 79. Of course ionad nan stait is preferable to ionad nan stath. Stait means a leading man in the state.

40. From R. Macdonald's collection. By an oversight this poem was not sent to the printer in time. It was only when I was writing out the index that I missed it. It should have been inserted before Oran an Agaidh an Aonaidh.

41. From Turner's collection.

The few shorts stanzas composed by myself

were inserted merely as connecting links. I have pointed them all out.

I have to thank Alexander Macdonald, Ridge, Antigonish, for the poems and verses that he has sent me. Mr. Macdonald is intimately acquainted with the history, traditions, and poetry of the Macdonalds of Keppoch. He has more poems by heart than any other person known to me.

Corrections.

The figures denote the number of the poem as given in the index.

1. For Loch Lay, read Loch Tay.
2. For chargadh, read chaogadh; for bhuid beann, bhuidheann; for thlg, thig; for sheolt, sheolta; and for brisgadh, briogadh.
3. For dhubblan read dhubhlan, and for Tugh, Lugh.
4. For euchduch read euchdach, for ruisghe, ruisgte, and for Lamess, Lamers.
5. For Hubhairt read Dhubhairt; for Uislain, Uisdein; for ann siuil, an t-siuil; and for nuthidhean, fubhlaidhean.
6. For 'S cha dean in the 11th verse, 'S cha d' rinn; for croich, crioich; for cunhnadh, comhnadh; for Dunabheirt, Phunabheirt; for sconnsa, etc., sgonnsa, a scone or small fort; and for Dainaverty, Dunaverty.
7. For Bhoid, etc., read Bhiodh do sheomraichean; for asde 'n, as de 'n; for bodchd, bochd; for t ll-butha, toll-butha; for lìonmhor, lìonmhor; and for thamhann, thamhainn.
8. For 'S gu fheil read 'S gu bheil; for

amhais, amhare; for Tuath ch, Tuathach; for duigh, diugh; for nachdaran, uachdaran, for oragan, organ; for t' h', th'; for chladheah, chladheabh; for guibhsaich, giubhsaich; and for Bangshire, Bannfshire.

9. For Dhruinn read Dhruim; for Guu mheas, Gun mheas.

10. For ri read ri, and for Inverikething, Inverkeithing.

11. For mulaich read mullaich; for sheanus, sheanns; for chuibhil, chuibhle; for chriseachd, choiseachd; for stobadh, stopadh; for uichair, iuchair; for crunn, crun; for an Athair, an Athar; for thasaig; thainig; for failthe, failte; for dhiut, dhuit; for Nuair fhuaradh, Nuair a fhuaradh; for cho sinn, choisinn; for shuileam, shuilean.

12. For an t-sionn read an t-sion; for Fha, Tha; f-er chreupag, chreubhag; and for Ronald, Ranald.

13. For Daire-na-mine read Daile-na-mine; for leoghan, leoghann; and for choimas, choimeas.

14. For duigh read diugh; for chradbhach chraobhach; for carehain, caochain; for challaidh, chollaidh; for strathadh, shathadh; for ghuibhais, ghiubhais; and for chalin', chalm.

15. For shinbhleadh read shiubhleadh; for bheulach, bheorlach; for n ach, mach; for maoineadh, maomadh; and for fhlaolum, fhaolum.

16. For snuig read smuig, and for baladh, boladh.

17. For rodnaich read ronnaich; brusg-shiulean, brusg-shuilean, for milleadh, uilleadh; and for reask-shuil, reasp-shuil.

18. Perhaps do cheill, your sense, in the 16th verse should be do cheil', your wife. The words in the MS. are do cheille.

19. For Gur ma in the 12th verse read Gum a, and for Dounachad Reamhan, Donnachadh Reamhar.

20. For claidheadh read claidheabh, and for tilleadh, tilleadh.

21. For suibhal read siubhal, and for ceadan, ceudan.

22. For cleachd read cleoc; for Ghuibhsich, Ghiubhsaich; for sirig, eirig; and for ghullan, ghiullan.

25. For ghuibhais read ghiubhais; for damh nan croc, damh dearg nan croc, for sluagh in the 10th verse, tuath.

25. The first line of the 7th verse is in the MS. Ghlac an eara greim teanachrach. I do not know what eara is or stands for.

27. For saile read sail; for 'Chur robh, Cha robh; for thahadh, thathadh; for 'N ioch, 'N laoch; for chaibh, dhaibh; and for bheiread, bheireadh.

28. For uchair read iuchair; for ur, la urla; and for buailtheadh, buailteadh. Delete the last sentence of the note.

29. For inbhraich read iubhraich; for chleusan, chleasan; for 'S n Leodaich, 'S na Leodaich; for claisaichean, clarsaichean; for bassala, banala; and for chuirn, chuirm.

30. For taigh-ghrunnaich read taigh-ghrunnaidh; for chlachan, a chlach i; for gluice, glaiice; for Duimhnich, Duibhnich; for teine, teallach; for a'r n, air an; for dhochas d' fhuighair; for Stiubhart, Stiubhart; for ghulneach, ghuineach; for treudan, teudan; for cireadh, sireadh; for solais, sulais; for a a chumhachd, a chumhachd; for shid, clud; for bneisd, beist; for sgrois, sgrios; for 'Bheisd ghrannnd, A bheist ghrannnd; for chamhaig, chnamhag; for rint, riut; and for Marquis of Tullibardine, Marquis of Athole.

31. For dh' innich, dh' imich; for t-sleighe, t-sleibhe; for 'rian, 'nan; for da dheidh, na dheidh; for Ram aidh, Ramsaidh; and for dhuinne, dhuine.

32. For laisd, lasaid; for nochduldh, nochduidh; for dan, ban; and for roim, roimh; for Ge ceann, Le ceann; for gleidhte, greidhte.

33. For iull read iull; for Spain, spain; for Dh' fhashtuinn, Dh' fhaotuin; for choiseachd, coiseachd; and for Aimheabach, aimhealach.

34. For Anam read An am; for ruchain, rucain; for Liunusaidh, Liunnsaidh; and for luioch, luirich.

35. For ualle read naile, and for suibhal, siubhal.

36. For ged mhisde read ged bu mhisde, and for duilteadh, diultadh.

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